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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
TENNYSON'S THE FORESTERS, by WILLIAM WATSON . . .	341
SIR JOHN SYRACUSE'S THE ROHILLA WAR, by H. G. KEENE . . .	342
THE LIFE AND CAREER OF WATTS PHILLIPS, by F. HAWKINS . . .	343
RUSSIA THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES, by W. R. MORFILL . . .	344
NEW NOVELS, by GEORGE COTTERELL . . .	345
SOME BOOKS ON THE COLONIES . . .	347
NOTES AND NEWS . . .	348
SCOTTISH JOTTINGS . . .	349
UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS . . .	349
ORIGINAL VERSE: "E. A. FREEMAN," by A. J. E.; "SOLVITUR ACRIUS HIENS," by A. G. . . .	350
OBITUARY: JOHN MURRAY, by J. S. C. & Co. . . .	350
MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS . . .	350
SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS . . .	351
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
The Hundred and Tenth Psalm, by Prof. Bickell, Dr. Gaster, the Rev. E. H. Gifford, and Prof. Cheyne; The "Lorien" MS. in the Cambridge Library, by Prof. Bickell; "Trisantona" once more, by P. Haverfield; Dante and the Heliotrope, by R. R. Steele . . .	351
APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK . . .	353
TWO BOOKS ON SOUTH AMERICAN ZOOLOGY, by the Rev. M. G. WATKINS . . .	353
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
Anglo-Saxon "Deum," by Prof. J. M. Hart . . .	354
SCIENCE NOTES . . .	354
PHILOLOGY NOTES . . .	354
MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES . . .	355
THIRTEENTH DYER'S CHURCH LORE GLEANINGS, by the Rev. C. J. ROBINSON . . .	355
EXCAVATIONS AT TEL EL-AMARNA, by W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE . . .	356
OBITUARY: DR. COLLINGWOOD BRUCE . . .	357
NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY . . .	357
STAGE NOTES . . .	357
RECENT CONCERTS, by J. S. SHEDLOCK . . .	358

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LITERATURE.

The Foresters: Robin Hood and Maid Marian. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. (Macmillans.)

THE year that is passing over us may fairly be called the jubilee year of the Laureate's fame. It was in 1842, just half a century ago, that the volume appeared which, retaining all that was finest, and omitting all that was weakest, from the volumes of ten and twelve years before, established its author's fame upon a sure and broad basis, and marked him out as the heir-apparent to those official laurels which he has invested with a dignity beyond anything they can bestow. It is pleasant to think that the title of "first of living poets" was conferred upon Alfred Tennyson by his great predecessor himself, who is not usually credited with a disposition to be effusive about his younger contemporaries. Crabb Robinson, who perceived and regretted Wordsworth's liability to a certain petrific incrustation of mind, once ventured so far as to hint at the fact in the master's own presence, and to contrast pointedly that openness to new impressions, that ever-widening receptiveness of intellect, which made the octogenarian Goethe eager to know and welcome each new and healthy development in the literature that was growing up at his feet. Lord Tennyson is in all likelihood as generously free from any tendency to an ossifying of the faculty of appreciation as Goethe was; but, however that may be, there is no disputing the perennial verdure of heart and florescence of soul which make this late autumn of his career seem only a somewhat more sober spring. His literary life over-arches two whole generations, yet his latest production (long may it be ere we need to say his last) conveys no suggestion of that far from infrequent phenomenon, the author who has survived himself. In the great phrase of Johnson, "no cold gradations of decay" are visible. On the contrary, it is scarcely extravagant to say that Lord Tennyson has given us, in his eighty-fourth year, perhaps the most exuberantly youthful and joyously vernal of his works.

Tennyson, the dramatist, labours under the serious disadvantage that he has always to enter the lists against Tennyson the lyricist, Tennyson the elegist, Tennyson the idyllist. He is his own most formidable rival, and perhaps in this fact lies the explanation of that respectful coldness which on the whole has marked the reception of his dramas by both the critics and the public. Then, too—though no one could think of saying that

Lord Tennyson had been positively infelicitous in his selection of dramatic subjects—there has yet always been some barrier to complete surrender of one's sympathies to his theme. In "Queen Mary" one could hardly help feeling that the poet, obeying a noble impulse of justice towards the wearer of that ensanguined name, had unduly gone outside himself, by imaginative abnegation of his own prepossessions, to invest her with a pathos too tender for her deserts. In "Harold," again, the conflicting issues provided a great theme for a poetic-historic study, but impaired the simplicity and singleness of interest which are desirable in a dramatic poem. We have the Norman in us as well as the Saxon. "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," and more besides; and it is impossible for us to swear undivided spiritual allegiance to the Saxon protagonist. "Becket," the most ambitious of the plays, and in parts the most splendid and powerful, was embarrassed by too great opulence of material. The struggle of crown and crossier was itself a subject quite large enough for a single play. An enamoured king, an embowered mistress, and a jealous queen, were also in themselves a large subject. And the two interests stood rather apart, over against each other; the effect being variety at the cost of continuity. In all these cases, however, great poetry was achieved in the face of all opposition on the part of refractory history; but the makers of history seem to have been culpably indifferent to form, and negligent as to grouping, and even a master like the Laureate is to some extent their slave. Is it because Lord Tennyson has at times been disposed to chafe against the inflexibility of events, that he has now chosen a theme in which he can evade the dull despotism of the annalist, and reign as supreme in Sherwood as Shakspeare in the forest of Arden?

A spiritual or material conflict has in every case formed the basis for the subject-matter of Lord Tennyson's dramas. The struggle (as fought out in England) between Rome and Geneva; between invading Norman and invaded Saxon; between the Church and the English monarchy—these have in turn engaged his dramatic imagination. In his latest production the theme is the contest between arbitrary and misused power, as embodied in the person of Prince John, and the spirit of justice and freedom, as represented by the people and their champion the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon. If Lord Tennyson should see fit to make yet another incursion upon the domain of drama, it is conceivable, and perhaps probable, that he will again look for his material in the incidents of some great conflict or controversy in which opposing principles have incarnated themselves in human agents. Mere dynastic feuds, like those of York and Lancaster, involving no strife of ideas, no oppugnancy of principles, do not seem to attract the author of "Becket" and "Queen Mary." And, besides, Shakspeare has left little to be gleaned in that field. But the great strife of King and Parliament still awaits its great dramatist; and one can scarcely help believing that if the Laureate were to found

a play upon the more essentially human as distinguished from the purely political aspects of that struggle, the result might be the most memorable English drama of modern times. Possibly the subject would afford scant opportunity for those lyrical features which are so delightful a characteristic of his plays. But the same defect might have been supposed inherent in the subject-matter of the Laureate's first drama; yet "Queen Mary" contains some of the loveliest of his incidental snatches of song. His sympathy with the aristocratic idea is deep, but his sympathy with popular causes, when such causes are identical with the spirit of justice and the legitimate aspirations of a free-born people, is no less deep; and I can think of no other English poet who has had anything like his natural qualifications and equipment for such a work. To say that Tennyson's genius is worthy of such a subject would be almost an impertinence; but it is, perhaps, permissible to observe that the subject is worthy of Tennyson's genius. On the one hand, there is the immense impersonal pathos of dissolving forces, the tragedy of fading sentiments and perishing ideas; on the other hand, the stirring spectacle of a people for the first time fully confident in itself and the validity of its cause; added to which, the innumerable picturesque personalities of the scene offer an extraordinary range of dramatic material.

It is a lighter and more airy task that the Laureate has set himself in "The Foresters." The misfortune of the subject is that the really heroic side of the legend has become belittled by the accident of puerile and pantomimic associations, through which its hero has been degraded almost to a level with the Sindbads and Aladdins of our adolescence; but where the poet enters, the stage carpenter disappears, and the real dignity and nobility of the theme are felt from the first in Lord Tennyson's exquisite pages. The stainless and unselfish love of the earl for the maiden, and the way in which the rudest of his followers catch the contagion of his own chivalrous spirit, impart a certain note of moral loftiness and even spiritual grace to what would otherwise be little more than a delightfully charming story. And at the same time, as if to recall us to a sense that it is after all only a legendary and half-fantastic world to which this wizard has transported us, and to bid our modern analysing tendencies beware of resolving an ideal atmosphere into its chymic elements, the little fay-folk chatter to us from the forest boughs, and Oberon and Titania remind us that we must not handle too curiously the texture of this *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

There is a limit even to the irresponsibility and indolence of reviewers; and as they have already forestalled me in culling the flowers of song that spring up around the "giant boles" of Lord Tennyson's Sherwood, I will resist the temptation of making these pages fragrant on such easy terms. The critic who should deliberately stultify the natural instincts of his kind by foregoing any opportunity that presented itself of carping at a great poet's work,

would be more, or less, than human; and thus one does not hesitate to say that "bitters before dinner," in the mouth of Scarlet, has a rather too nineteenth-century smack about it. And in this lovely sylvan world of the poet's fancy I was sorry to be reminded, even for a moment, of that hideous production which we have all tried so hard to believe not Shakspeare's—"Titus Andronicus." When Much says, "More water goes by the mill than the miller wots of," he is, for aught I know, quoting what may well have been a common proverb at an earlier date than Shakspeare's; but the reminiscence of the Elizabethan dramatist's "More water glideth by the mill than wots the miller of" ("Titus," II. i. 85) is too close a verbal coincidence to be entirely happy.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Hastings and the Rohilla War. By Sir John Strachey. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

IN spite of all that has been done to play the part of Old Mortality to the tombstone of Warren Hastings, it is probable that the great majority of readers can never see it free from the mud artistically disposed upon it by popular and authoritative writers. Most potent of all is the *Edinburgh* article of Macaulay, enforced by a style which, even if tawdry at times, is always irresistible in clearness and glow, and whose conclusions, in spite of all errors of detail, are generally just and manly.

The book before us is another attempt to show that Macaulay's celebrated essay on Hastings is not history; and it is not too much to say that it does all that can be accomplished by a fearless love of truth and a nearly complete research and mastery of the subject. One misses a reference to Capt. Trotter, who was the first to attack the accepted belief; and perhaps it is only natural that the present writer should think that Sir John Strachey might have made more use of a little work to which he has referred on p. 43. But, after all, his Preface indicates the use of a great mass of material, and the book in question could only have aided him in the merest trifles.

The genesis of the myths which have made the name of the most virtuous of Indian statesmen synonymous with "ogre" is plain. The inflammable temper of Burke was kindled by the malice of Francis, and blazed out before the Peers in Westminster Hall. In 1806 James Mill, who had caught the contagion as a clever boy, began his *History of British India*. A quarter of a century later, Macaulay, having to write Indian articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, naturally accepted the standard book in place of undertaking the drudgery of original research into obscure and forbidding matter. Unhappily, an indolent British public has followed his example with even less excuse; taking for history what was only intended as journalism, and adopting Macaulay's imaginary facts without the sagacity with which he usually came, in spite of them, to a correct conclusion.

In his article on Clive, Macaulay had

shown a due appreciation of the origin of the Rohillas in Hindustan:

"The Afghan . . . completed the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. . . . A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilkund."

In the following year, however, the article on Hastings introduced an altered view. The Rohillas were now put forth as skilled in the arts of peace, cultivators of agriculture and commerce, "not negligent of rhetoric and poetry," bestowing on their little territory the blessings of an exceptional repose. But a greedy neighbour, the worthy rival of his Russian and Prussian contemporaries, had cast the eyes of desire on this oriental Poland; and when he thought the time ripe, obtained the fulfilment of his lust with the mercenary aid of a British brigade furnished—for a consideration—by the unscrupulous Governor of Bengal. Nor was this all. A large population was forcibly deprived of good government; the cowardly invader left all the fighting to be done by his allies, and then proceeded, in their presence and with their connivance, to plunder the camp and waste the territory of the conquered Rohillas. The finest population of India was subjected to tyranny, commerce and agriculture were smitten with blight, and a chivalrous nation was all but exterminated.

This is the story which, with original records in hand, Sir John Strachey has undertaken to reverse. Any one whose love of historic truth is stronger than prepossession and impatience will find that he has succeeded completely. It is made clear that the Afghans of Rohilkhand were by no means "a nation," but only a gathering of predatory clans of the most anarchical, and, for the most part, barbarous character; that their unfitness for "the arts of peace" was equalled by their duplicity in negotiation, and their weakness and want of union in war. Owing to the absence of a defensible boundary, both the British dominion in Western Bengal, and the territory of the Nawab of Oudh (who was the most important British ally) were exposed to attack from Rohilkhand, which the Rohillas were unable—perhaps unwilling—to protect against the Maharrattas, who were then bidding fair to become masters of India. It was, in effect, the aid of the British, afforded in virtue of treaty engagements, and for a due and equitable consideration, which, checking the flood of Maharratta aggression, laid the foundation of the British Empire in the East. Whatever may have been the origin of the Nawab's designs upon Rohilkhand, his actual attack was justified both by the sanction of the Emperor and by the persistent refusal of the Rohilla chiefs to pay the money which they had bound themselves for in consideration for services rendered by the Nawab. As to the state of the province, the following testimony, from a contemporary history cited by Sir John, may be studied with advantage:

"Seeds of contention which had been sown in the original formation of the government had long since sprung up: a mutual jealousy and avowed animosity . . . induced every man . . . to aspire to a separate independence

utterly inconsistent with political consequence as a collective body; and the relaxation of general law attendant upon such a state of anarchy could not fail of producing the most mischievous effects among a people naturally of a fierce and untoward temper and of a disposition so addicted to violence and rapine . . . The Hindu farmers and other original inhabitants of the country groaned under the worst species of military vassalage, whilst the upstart despots who held them in subjection were disabled—as we have seen—from affording them protection against barbarous marauders . . . The administration of justice, the collection of revenue, and the intercourse of commerce, were all at an end."—(Hamilton's *Rohillas*, 220-9.)

Space is limited; but these few sentences will help to show that the Rohillas were unequal to the duties they had assumed, and that no change could well be for the worse. A native historian, quoted a page or two farther on, corroborates the account of Hamilton, and shows the impossibility of obtaining from the Rohillas either payment of their just debt or any form of loyal conduct.

It was in these conditions that the Nawab, with the help of the Bengal Government—which had almost as much ultimate interest in the matter as he—proceeded to foreclose on the land held by the defaulters. A last appeal to the honour and prudence of the chiefs was tried, but the time for negotiation had passed. The armies met at Katra, in the south of the province, on April 23, 1774; the Rohillas were defeated after an obstinate struggle, and their veteran leader was killed fighting. The British commander complained that the Nawab took no part in the action, and charged him with "shameful pusillanimity." That, however, was by no means one of the Nawab's defects of character; and the battle of Buxar ten years before had shown that he could act as a good and gallant soldier even against the formidable warriors with whom he was now allied. Indeed, the very despatch of his present accuser shows that the Nawab's army lost, in one arm alone, nearly twice as many men as the total loss of the British. Immediately after the battle the Nawab took care of his enemy's remains, which were sent to his family for interment, while civil officers were at once deputed to administer the affairs of the population. The Rohilla resistance instantly ceased; negotiations were set on foot with the most important of their remaining chiefs, whose descendant still holds sway in a most pleasant and plentiful part of the province. Some 20,000 Rohillas—armed men and camp followers—marched, under leaders of their own, into the districts of the Ganges; and this is the foundation for the story of the depopulation of "the fair vale of Rohilkund."

A curious extract from a paper, written nearly fifteen years later by an officer who was Persian interpreter at the time, throws full light on the words "exterminate" and "extirpate," afterwards imputed to Hastings by his accusers as a proof not only of the violence used to the Rohillas, but of his being its cause. The writer explains that the word used in the correspondence which took place on the subject between the Bengal Government and the Nawab was

istial, of which the proper meaning is "eradication"; and he adds:

"I never understood the word in the sense which has been affixed to it in the charge; . . . and I might have been justified in my rendering by the authority of Dr. Johnson, who explains it, in one sense, 'to remove.' And partial 'removal' was all that was done."

It is only necessary to add that Sir John bears warm witness to the respect due to Macaulay for his eminent services to India, and transfers the blame for all these unhappy misrepresentations to the true offender, James Mill. For those whose interest in the matter is more than a mere Platonic attachment, it can hardly be necessary to add that Sir J. Strachey's exposure of Mill is nothing new. In all literary criticism there is no more just piece of severity than Sir J. Stephen's on this subject. Nevertheless, it was well that attention should once more be drawn to the monumental demonstration that an evil temper in a book is not necessarily piquant, nor dulness inevitably accurate.

If one were permitted to notice every little defect one might perhaps suggest that Sir John's volume might be more happily named in future editions. There were two Rulers of India called Hastings, both such very able men that an indolent public may be excused for confusing them. It would, therefore, be useful to the present work and the public if it were hereafter to be entitled "*Warren Hastings and the Rohilla War*." Anyhow, it is a valuable contribution to that truer view of the history of British power in the East which one hopes will be some day taken.

H. G. KEENE.

Watts Phillips: Artist and Playwright. By E. Watts Phillips. (Cassells.)

It would appear that no greater service can be done to the fame of a dramatist than by a revival of one of his plays at the Lyceum Theatre. Among other signs of the influence exercised by Mr. Irving is the special and wide-spread interest he arouses in any old piece that finds a place in his bills. If, for example, he should appear in "*Venice Preserved*" and in "*The Gamester*," as many of his admirers hope he will, there can be little doubt that the names of Otway and Edward Moore would, at least for a season, again become household words amongst us. He gives us "*Hamlet*"; and all the controversies to which it has given rise are forthwith repeated. He gives us "*Faust*"; and in the space of a few months over 100,000 copies of English versions thereof are sold. He gives us the "*Dead Heart*"; and the figure of its author is rescued from the oblivion into which it fell soon after his death. Some years ago the idea of bringing out an account of Watts Phillips's chequered career was mooted, though only to be dropped as commercially impracticable. At that time his plays had long ceased to be acted in London. But the Lyceum revival of what may be deemed his masterpiece changed all this; no little curiosity as to the man and his work was expressed on every side, and a book dealing with both has now appeared in rather a sumptuous form. Mr.

Irving's biographer, it may be presumed, will not lose sight of so suggestive an incident.

In Watts Phillips—artist, playwright, journalist, and purveyor of cheap sensational prose fiction—we have yet another proof that various talents, even when industriously exercised, do not of necessity spell fortune to their possessor. Of Irish descent, he was born in London towards the close of 1825, the son of a trader "in comfortable circumstances." In early life he showed a hereditary taste for sketching and the drama, particularly the latter. He once thought of becoming an actor, but was induced by his father to go through a sort of apprenticeship to George Cruikshank, with whom the family were on terms of friendship. Meanwhile he made the acquaintance of Mark Lemon, Phelps, the Broughs, Albert Smith, the Mayhews, and Douglas Jerrold. Enamoured of the profession chosen for him, he passed some years among the caricaturists of Paris; and, returning to London in 1849, he plied his pencil for *Diogenes* and other ephemeral publications. After 1854, however, he devoted himself almost exclusively to literature. In that year he wrote a slum story, the "*Wild Tribes of London*," and had the satisfaction of seeing a version of it played at the theatre in Norton Folgate. Next came three plays abreast—"Joseph Savigny," the "*Poor Strollers*," and the "*Dead Heart*." Owing to a mere accident, the first was brought under the notice of Benjamin Webster, who bought them all for the Adelphi. As Miss Phillips asks, was ever dramatist thus encouraged at the outset? "Joseph Savigny" appeared in 1857, with Webster and Mme. Celeste in the principal characters. It was but "coldly received," apparently because the author had relied upon style rather than plot. The "*Poor Strollers*," though not without good points, shared the same fate. This second check gave Webster pause. Had he not been a little too precipitate in pinning so much faith to the young author? He hesitated for some time about the "*Dead Heart*," especially as two of its most prominent features—the Bastille and the revolutionary crowd—had been seen on the stage in Boucicault's adaptation of the "*Chevalier de la Maison Rouge*." Eventually, in the autumn of 1859, the play found its way to the footlights. It at once met with an unequivocal success, thanks to its own merits, which were of no ordinary kind, and thanks also to the admirable acting of Webster as Landry, of David Fisher as the Abbé Latour, of Miss Woolgar as Catherine Duval, and of Mr. Toole as Toupet. Oxford thought it a drama of more weight and pretension to sustained interest than had been seen for a long time at any theatre. In the space of a few years Phillips produced many other plays, including "*Lost in London*," "*Marlborough*," "*Paper Wings*," "*Theodora*," "*A Story of '45*," "*St. Bartholomew's Eve*," "*Breakers Ahead*," "*Camilla's Husband*," "*His Last Victory*," "*Paul's Return*," the "*Woman in Mauve*," the "*Huguenot Captain*," "*Not Guilty*," "*Maud's Peril*," "*Nobody's Child*," "*Fettered*," and "*On the Jury*." He also

became a journalist, and was the author, under the pseudonym of Fairfax Balfour, of such blood-curdling stories for the million as "*Nelly*;" or, the *Companions of the Chain*." As a dramatist, it must be added, he seldom had a bed of roses to lie on. He had to suffer all sorts of vexations behind the scenes, and but few of his pieces came out until long after they had left his hands. Fechter refused one on the ground that the chief "female part" was too effective; Webster deferred the production of "*Lost in London*" because of a dream that he would die while acting therein. Moreover, the majority of them failed to please. To Phillips all this was a serious matter, as he had nothing save his writings to depend upon. Outwardly buoyant to the last, but really worn out by overwork, anxiety, frequent disappointment, and a pretty long course of free living in Paris, he died in London at the end of 1874, in the fiftieth year of his age.

The interest excited by the "*Dead Heart*" at the Adelphi was largely deepened by a controversy to which the nature of the story gave rise. Not long before its representation Dickens had issued the first instalment of *A Tale of Two Cities*. In a further instalment the dramatist was "aghast" at recognising a situation analogous to one in his play. He wrote to Webster:

"Of course they will make a play of Dickens's new tale, the '*Two Cities*,' and (if you have read it) you will see how the character of the man 'dug out' of the Bastille will *clash* with the man in the '*Dead Heart*,' written more than three years ago. Knowing your peculiar powers, I wrote Robert Landry exclusively with a notion how you would *act* that character, and foreseeing the reputation that would arise to me. And now, owing to a delay of years, Dickens puts into *words* what I had hoped long ago to see you put into *action*. The tone of the resurrection from the Bastille ought to have been fresh in my play, not in his story. It's very heartbreaking."

But a more painful surprise than this was in store for the young writer. Sydney Carton and Robert Landry were substantially the same in their heroic self-sacrifice at the close. How, it was asked, could such peculiar coincidences be accounted for? London immediately divided itself into two camps on the point. Some assumed that Dickens had purloined the idea from Phillips, others that Phillips had purloined the idea from Dickens. Fuel was added to the flame by the performance at the Lyceum of an adaptation by Tom Taylor of the "*Tale of Two Cities*," the cast of which included Mme. Céleste (the boy in the prologue and Mme. Defarge), Miss Kate Saville (Lucy Manette), Fred Villiers (Sydney Carton), and Mr. Walter Lacy (the wicked Marquis). With it, as Mr. John Coleman remarks, "came accusations and recriminations as to coincidences and plagiarisms; and bad blood arose on both sides." Phillips's irritation carried him to a regrettable length. He more than hinted that, on accepting the play, Webster read it at Brighton to two or three friends, one of whom was the novelist. On the utter absurdity of the accusation here implied it is quite needless to dwell. Equally unfounded is the suggestion that Phillips

had got hold of the leading incidents in Dickens's story before it was given to the world. Webster's evidence on this point is not to be rejected. He was in a position to prove that the "Dead Heart" was "written and paid for years before the *Tale of Two Cities*, or the periodical in which it appeared, was dreamt of." It would be of interest to learn what a certain dyspeptic sage in Chelsea thought of this controversy as it went on. Had his *French Revolution* entirely passed out of public recollection? For, of course, the novelist and the dramatist, unknown to each other, had simply elaborated two incidents recorded in that immortal history.

Phillips might have made a very attractive collection of reminiscences if he had been so minded. He had more than a nodding acquaintance with people of whom we are not soon tired of hearing. One of these was Alexandre Dumas the elder:

"Did I know him? Rather! He was the most generous, large-hearted being in the world. He also was the most delightfully amusing and egotistical creature on the face of the earth. His tongue was like a windmill; once set in motion you never knew when he would stop, especially if the theme was himself. Many and many a time have I sat into the wee small hours, a rapt listener, as he compared his youthful trials, troubles, escapades, and *bonnes fortunes* with his trusty comrades—Bocage, Macquet, and Frederick, the great Frederick Lemaitre. . . . Of course he had a lot of fellows to help him in his work. He gave me a turn now and then, but Macquet was his right hand. He was almost as great a genius as his master. Dumas detested description and elaboration, but he would invent a plot in five minutes, and knock off a play in five hours, if the fit took him. He always maintained that he was a dramatist and nothing more."

Gambetta and Phillips, too, might often have been found together:

"Those golden days and roseate nights in La Belle Lutece were the happiest I ever passed. From the first I believed in Gambetta. I always said he'd be a great man, even when he 'dried up' over his first brief, in 1861; and it was at his express invitation that I went over in '68 to hear his defence of Charles Delescluze. Yes, my boy, I heard the Baudin speech—the speech which sounded the death-knell of the Man of December and the gang of knaves and thieves, pimps, panders, and cut-throats who had enslaved and degraded France."

Of Frederick Lemaitre we have a glimpse in his decrepitude:

"I suppose he must have been great in his time. Must? He *was*. Ah, well, when I saw him he was a hoary ruin, majestic in decay. When sober—which was not very often—he was moody and saturnine; when mellow, delightful; when drunk, mad. The first night of 'Toussaint l'Ouverture,' Lamartine's play, he was a howling maniac."

Webster frequently went to see Phillips in Paris.

"It was one perpetual holiday. He is a wonderful man—never means to grow old, and doesn't know the meaning of a headache or of fatigue; never turns in until two or three, and turns out again at eight as fresh as a daisy. Then his strength is prodigious for a man of his age. You should have seen him at the last carnival. A great hulking bully of a Pierrot kept following and insulting us. At last he laid his hand on Ben's shoulder. It would

have done you good to see the old boy take hold of the hound and throw him over his head like a feather. He didn't molest us any more, I promise you."

Another incident of the dramatist's life in Paris is thus related by a friend there:

"Phillips was a great friend and adviser of Mme. Duverger, an actress noted more for her jewelry than stage talent. She was one night at the Bal des Artistes, then held annually at the Opéra Comique. She had on her neck one of the most handsome and valuable pearl three-rowed necklaces ever seen or worn even by royalty, which she was very near losing, in consequence of the snap, through constant usage, giving way; so, for fear of them dropping, she took them off her neck and carried them for a time in her hand. Whilst walking in the foyer, about three in the morning, her eyes by chance fell on Watts Phillips. Showing him what she held in her hand, and explaining that they might have been trampled on or lost, she gave them to him to guard until some time the next day. Watts had no sooner been put in possession of the necklace, than he walked to the mantelpiece, and took from his pocket a white handkerchief. Whilst in the act of carefully folding up the pearls, he was pounced on by two detectives, who were on duty and most gentlemanly (*sic*) made up in evening dress, and who there and then arrested him as an English 'swell mobman.' Watts, who was a thorough French scholar, explained the situation of his being in possession of the necklace; but the officers and the mob by whom Watts was surrounded would not believe him, so that he was hustled out of the theatre and hurried off to the police-station in the Rue de Choiseul, where he was kept until eleven o'clock in the morning, it having unfortunately happened that when Mme. Duverger left the theatre she did not go home, but went with a friend to supper and stayed in her company at her house until ten in the morning. When she reached her own dwelling, she was met by a police agent, who, after explaining his errand, was sent off; but before he arrived at the station-house Mme. Duverger had been there and got poor Phillips liberated."

Miss Phillips, with the acknowledged aid of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, has succeeded in drawing a faithful portrait of her versatile, ambitious, and indefatigable brother, partly by means of extracts from his voluminous correspondence. To many readers of her work, which is marked by good taste throughout, it will appear that Phillips made a mistake in exchanging the pencil for the pen. With a little further practice he might have taken rank with the best caricaturists of his time. He was a not unworthy disciple of Gavarni, under whose influence he fell at a very early period. Some of the amusing sketches with which he usually adorned his letters to friends are reproduced in the present volume, and will probably cause it to be kept for their own sake. Miss Phillips rightly directs particular attention to "As it Used to Was," the "Noble Tartar," "Swanage," the "Hare's Toast," "My Castle," and the picture representing him climbing a greasy pen to get the family mutton. Others, too, are marked by grace of fancy and delicacy of treatment. But if Phillips was more of an "artist" than a "playwright," it must not be inferred that in the latter capacity he failed to rise above mediocrity. He could devise an interesting story, illustrate wide varieties of character, and

handle a pathetic or humorous situation with good effect. Of these gifts, perhaps, the most conspicuous was the first. He seldom or never had to complain of a dearth of ideas. It is significant of his inventive power that only one of his many plays was an adaptation from the French, and that in his treatment of the subject of Théodora he has to a certain extent been followed by so resourceful a dramatist as Victorien Sardou. In all his theatrical work, too, he aimed at a comparatively high standard of excellence. For the Boucicault school of dramatic art he had nothing but a sturdy contempt. He laboriously sought by his practice to show that on the stage romantic grace was preferable to a cheap sensationalism. In his serial stories for the *London Journal*, however, this sensationalism was allowed to reign supreme. Mr. Coleman, calling upon him one evening, found him engaged upon a weekly instalment of the "Companions of the Chain":

"Dinner was nearly ready, but the 'devil' was waiting below for copy. 'The villain has hounded Nelly,' said his amanuensis; 'what am I to do with her now?' 'Why, rescue her, of course.' 'But how—how?' 'Well, Algy comes on.' 'But he can't, the door's locked.' 'Well, he must burst it, then.' 'He can't, it's barred and bolted.' 'Well, then, he must come over the tiles, through the window. Then a struggle for life and death. He upsets the lamp; it sets fire to the place; smoke, flames, all the rest of it. To be continued in our next.'"

It is not the least cogent proof of Phillips's poverty at the time that he should have descended to the compilation of such trash. How far it was beneath his talents may be seen by a perusal of the "Dead Heart," which, although a little too much impregnated in places with the old Adelphi spirit to be played at the Lyceum as it was originally written, deserves a place among the best romantic dramas of the last half century.

FREDERICK HAWKINS.

RUSSIA THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES.

Russland unter Alexander III. Mit Rückblicken auf die jüngste Vergangenheit. St. Petersburg Schildeurungen und Briefe, herausgegeben von H. von Samson-Himmelsjerna "Victor Frank." (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.)

This is a difficult book to review; it appears to be a collection of magazine or newspaper articles loosely put together, some of the chapters having little connexion with the others, except it be the purpose of exhibiting everything Russian in an unfavourable light. A saving clause is added in the title, "mit Rückblicken auf die jüngste Vergangenheit"; but the author feels it necessary to apologise in a note for the introduction of the paper on "Nihilism in Art," which sketches, with no definite object, the career of the painter Ivanov, who died of cholera in 1858, three years after the accession of Alexander II.

Most of the chapters are filled with furious invectives against Russia. All the stale old epigrams about St. Petersburg are served up again: it is nothing but a

huge village, its inhabitants are only birds of passage, &c., &c. The Emperor fares a little better: the writer allows that he is an excellent husband, an affectionate father, the foe of all untruthfulness, immorality, and frivolity, but finds room for depreciating him; and of the Empress we are told that, being a Danish princess, she naturally hates everything German. There is a reckless exaggeration and incoherence about the book, which comes out in such sentences as the following:

"Every year of peace secures Europe's solidarity [France and Russia excluded?], and strengthens her power for defence; every year of peace completes Russia's isolation and hastens her internal dissolution; every year of peace lessens Russia's power of doing harm" (p. 128).

The sentence in brackets and the italics are our own. How sorry our author must be that the English cannot be induced to join the Triple Alliance! Again, on p. 13, he speaks of the "universal immorality, insecurity of law, beggarly poverty of the people, coarseness and savagery of all classes"; and, on p. 181, he tells us of Finland being unrecognisable under a thick layer of muscovite fungi ("von einer dicken Schicht moskowitscher Spaltpilze").

A great deal of choice abuse is reserved for the ministers. Thus, in spite of his assuming a quasi-democratic antipathy to the so-called aristocratic government of Russia, our author throws in the teeth of Count Deljanov what he is pleased to call his Armenian plebeian origin, and gives him the complimentary epithet of "neugebackene." But his severest language is reserved for M. Pobiedonostsov, who is compared to Robespierre. Even Yuri Samarin, whose memory is held in great respect by many friends outside Russia, comes in for his share of abuse and depreciation. The fact is, our author looks at everything through German or Swedish spectacles. We take him to be a Swedish Finlander, or perhaps a native of the Baltic provinces.

While keeping a keen eye upon the interests of the Germans, he forgets that they form but a minority of the population of those provinces. According to the statistics in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, they only number 120,000 out of a total population of 1,800,000. As landlords, they are detested by their Esthonian and Lettish tenants. This is partly acknowledged by Herr V. Samson-Himmelstjerna when he is speaking (page 156) of the policy of root and branch extermination which was at first planned against the unfortunate natives by these civilisers. Certainly, if we trust to the old German chroniclers themselves, we shall find that the "colonisation" was not carried out in a gentle fashion. In the fourteenth century the Hochmeister Siegfried von Feuchtwangen was wont to say that he never enjoyed a meal unless he had previously hanged a couple of Prussian, Pomeranian, or Polish peasants; and he entirely forbade the use of the old Prussian language (see Nesselmann: *Die Sprache der alten Preussen*, p. viii., Berlin, 1845). Our author frankly avows that the peasant has far

from friendly feelings to the Germans ("seine Beziehungen zum Deutschen sind nicht die freundlichsten"). Under the old serf-system many of the most oppressive landlords were to be found among the German proprietors. We must remember these facts amid our author's declamations on the subject of "Moskowitischer Byzantinismus" and "Cäsaropapismus," whatever those expressions may precisely mean.

Of course there is a great deal about the Russification of Poland (p. 123); but we hear nothing of the Germanisation of Posen—East Prussia, as it is called—and the change of the names of historical villages into Bismarckdorf, Sedan, and other monstrosities, and the depopulation of the territory. Well might an eminent Polish professor exclaim, "Les Allemands nous mangent."

Nor need we pay very much attention to our author's angry denunciations of the so-called intolerance of the Russian clergy. A great deal of the same spirit may be found in regions farther West, which affect to be in a much more civilised state. How about the position of the Roman Catholics and Jews in our own country no very long time ago? Surely toleration in religious matters is a very recent European virtue, even if it be fairly understood and practised now.

We pass over the sketches of Boris Melikov and P. Shuvalov, which are confessedly reprints from *Unsere Zeit*. The description of the Aksakov family seems to belong to an entirely different portion of this literary patchwork. It is an interesting chapter, and is perhaps a reprint from some review. Our author must have written it when he was not worked up to such a feverish hatred of the Russians. Those unacquainted with Russian literature may find something to engage their attention in this chapter, which is pleasantly and even sympathetically written. The same may be said of the paper on Alexander Koshelev.

In the chapter on the Russian Parliament our author returns to the vocabulary of abuse: he is evidently looking for the collapse of the country before she obtains a constitution. When he speaks of the political labours of Volinski in the time of Elizabeth (p. 346), he must mean Anne: Volinski was executed in 1740.

The chapter on the prominent Russian authors is not altogether satisfactory. It is merely slaying the slain to dwell so much upon the former popularity of Kukolnik, an author now entirely forgotten; and Sumarokov (p. 402) was hardly an instance of a writer belonging to the ranks of the aristocracy, but surely the very neediest of playwrights living by his pen. We had always thought that the Russian poet Lermontov traced his descent from a member of the Scotch family Learmont, who emigrated to Russia in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and not from any Duke of Lerma. At least we find it so stated in his biographies; and Lermontov himself in one of his poems alludes to Scotland as the land of his forefathers. Nor need much stress be laid upon the fact that, in the time of Pushkin, many of the Russian authors preferred to be considered private gentlemen rather than persons who lived by their pens. We need not go back

to last century to find a parallel in Congreve's memorable answer to Voltaire: it has been asserted by at least one well-known biographer of Sir Walter Scott, that his real motive for concealing the authorship of *Waverley* was that he preferred being a Roxburghshire country-gentleman to having the reputation of a novelist, and did not care to let the world see that his inkstand was the source of his wealth. Again, our author speaks of the reign of Nicholas as fatal to Russian intellect. The fact is, that during his rule a brilliant galaxy of Russian authors appeared, such as have hardly been seen since. Among poets there were Pushkin, Lermontov, and Koltzov, and among novelists Gogol, to say nothing of others. Such a period could hardly be called sterile, and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, a gentleman well acquainted with Russia, has remarked upon this fact in a recent work. The chapter on Kraievski and Bielinski is very readable. The account of the latter, the great Russian critic, is appreciatively written, and with one final tirade—entitled "Russische Kulturträger"—this bitter book ends.

We are convinced that the violent and indiscriminate abuse heaped upon Russia and everything Russian by our author can only fail in its object, which we take to be to make the country thoroughly odious. There is something feminine in the rage with which he assails the people he so cordially detests. Those familiar with Russia will, on the contrary, be able to bear their testimony to the many honourable and kind-hearted men it contains, and will sympathise with its struggles. Had Herr v. Samson-Himmelstjerna been more measured in his abuse, he would have found more people to pay attention to him; but many of us, in England at least, are getting tired of these attacks, under which political antagonism and racial jealousies, not zeal for the elevation of the human race, are too often lurking.

In conclusion, let us hope that Russia may tide over the calamities which Herr v. Samson-Himmelstjerna so lavishly prognosticates for her, as she has already survived some prophesied by others of her enemies.

W. R. MORFILL.

NEW NOVELS.

The Duchess of Powysland. By Grant Allen. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Scots Thistle. By E. N. Leigh Fry. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

The Bo's'un of the "Psyche." By Commander Claud Harding, R.N. In 3 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

Even Mine Own Familiar Friend. By Emily Martin. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Miss Merewether's Money. By Thomas Cobb. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Strange Elopement. By W. Clark Russell. (Macmillans.)

Margery of Quether. By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen.)

Eagle Joe. By Henry Herman. Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Denzil Quarrier. By George Gissing. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

MR. GRANT ALLEN could hardly write a dull novel if he tried. Certainly *The Duchess of Powysland* is not dull. No greater merit can be claimed for it than that of being an interesting story; but this it is, and the interest is obtained by the straightforward development of a simple plot. Perhaps under other treatment some of the incidents might have seemed extravagant, but here they come about so naturally that the reader is prepared for them without quite expecting them. Not that Mr. Allen does not deviate occasionally from the straight lines of his story. He would not be himself if he did not gird at something or other, and it would be strange if the object of his wrath, or of his rather too contemptuous pity, were not now and then a Girtton girl. Whether Girtton produces all the types he depicts as coming from its classic precincts one cannot say; but they vary from the rather masculine young woman, whose learning only displays itself in flippancy, to the fragile creature whose studies have made her a miracle of pedantry at the cost of health and physique. The specimen he gives us in this tale is of the latter kind, and one feels that the poor little soul does not get fair play. With malice prepense, her maker foredooms her to failure; but he is himself to be held accountable for it all. The sort of heroine Mr. Allen delights to portray is one whose intellectuality is nothing more exalted than a refined and sensitive instinct. Linda Figgins well represents this ideal, and she is undoubtedly very charming. A hypercritical critic might suggest certain improbabilities in the remarkable career of Linda; but the present critic is not hypercritical, and he likes Linda too well to pry overmuch into the secret of her fascinations and success. We see less of her ingenious brother, whose rapid exchange of the condition of a mechanic for that of a millionaire would perhaps be a little startling if it were not so necessary to the story. The only incongruity one feels about the characters concerns the relations of Basil Maclaine and Douglas Harrison. These two men share the same sitting-room in their Bloomsbury lodgings; but one is every inch a snob and the other every inch a gentleman. The snobbery of Maclaine must have been a constant mortification to Harrison; but he bore it with a fortitude surpassing any Christian virtue, and he also bore the knowledge that his snobbish fellow-lodger had a larger place in Linda's affections than he had himself. Fine fellow as Douglas Harrison is, one cannot but wish he had had the pluck either to thrash Maclaine or to cut him. The story abounds in interesting people, one of the most striking of whom is Arthur Roper, "the head of the profession"; for in Roper's opinion there is only one profession with opportunities for distinction, and that is burglary. Roper's woman-accomplice is a rather morbid person, who might perhaps have been dispensed with. A Duchess of Powysland implies the existence of a Duke, and a Duke there is or was.

The only prominent part he plays in the story consists in his disappearance from it, around which tragic event gather the culminating threads of the plot. About this, therefore, it behoves one to be silent. The crisis is well managed, and the account of the trial is clever. One is hardly prepared for the forensic triumph of the hitherto briefless and inexperienced barrister; but love is no doubt capable of things as remarkable as this, and for once it was Love who briefed counsel and inspired his speech for the defence. Mr. Grant Allen has clearly added another to his many successes.

Bright, breezy, and natural. If one had to characterise *A Scots Thistle* in three words, these are the three I should use. The young lady indicated by the title of the book inherited from her paternal "forbears" all the prickly individuality of a strong character, and from her mother and her mother's family the gentleness which combines so admirably with strength. Her bringing up by two maiden aunts in a Scotch village was precisely of the kind to foster the inborn spirit of the girl, and make her capable, when the time came, of impressing polite society with the very unsophisticated qualities she possessed. The time did come, for Bell Graham was a Graham of Achnahiel, and the daughters of that house are necessarily presented at Court and seen in the world. The contrast between Nether Kintocher, where Bell grew up, and the Belgravia in which her beauty was unconsciously flashed, is very striking. But she was the same under all conditions. The attentions of a royal prince did not elate her, nor was she enamoured of the chances of marrying a noble duke. She was just as much a product of her native hills in the drawing-rooms of the great as amid the surroundings of her childhood. If such a perfectly natural girl is rare, she is none the less, perhaps all the more, to be admired and loved. Bell Graham, indeed, might have had many lovers. She had one to whom she was a veritable thistle until things were made plain between them. But it says much for the story that the love passages in it, which end happily, are not at all essential to it. There is so much charm about Bell herself that, if nobody had proposed to her, or she had accepted nobody, she would still have given interest enough to the book which has been written about her.

The three volumes of the *Bo'sun of the "Psyche"* correspond pretty closely to three stages in the story. The first volume is full of the happy time of youth, when boys are boys, and life is nothing more than jolly fun. In the second volume the fun becomes too rollicking for any reader beyond the age of a young middle. The third is overshadowed by sorrow, the result of mistakes, though after a stormy time everything comes right. There are the elements of a good story of its class in the plot; but the style is crude, and the absence of care and skill is noticeable in the elaboration of the characters and incidents.

The story of two loves is told in *Even mine own Familiar Friend*—two loves for one woman—and, as generally happens in such

cases, one is worthy and the other unworthy. It is a moot point with some people whether a man should get the consent of a girl's father before he tells the girl herself that he loves her, or whether he should first make sure of the girl's approval. One of Una Hope's lovers took the former of these courses, with the result that the father exacted a promise from him not to make known his feelings to Una for six months, during which time the father was to be absent on a voyage. The promise was faithfully kept; but meanwhile up comes another lover, who proposes directly to the girl; and, when wooer number one is free to offer his heart and hand, he finds that he is too late. Up to this point the story runs a quiet domestic course, but complications soon arise. Poor Una finds that she has made a mistake; but she is a woman of character, whose power of strong-minded determination only comes out when there is need for it, but does effectually show itself then. The story itself develops a new and absorbing interest as it proceeds, and the end is far more impressive than the beginning. Perhaps there could be no better evidence of merit in a novel.

Stories about money have an undeniable fascination for many readers, and Mr. Cobb is rather prone to writing them. In *Miss Merevether's Money* the curious adventures of a £500 Bank of England note furnish matter for much perplexity. The note disappears; all manner of suspicions are aroused as to who has taken it; innocent persons are supposed to be guilty; even the course of true love is made to run anything but smoothly—and all this through a considerable part of two volumes. The domestic and personal interests woven into the story give some relief to it, but otherwise it savours too much of the kind of mystery which occasionally finds occupation for police courts.

Mr. Clark Russell never has need of much plot for his delightful sea stories. Given a broad deck and the open sea, with a couple of young hearts fondly affected towards each other, and he will spin a yarn as wonderful as any tale ever told to the marines. In *A Strange Elopement*, besides the interesting couple who elope, we have an ogre of a father who really deserved to be circumvented by the ingenuity and daring of the lovers—as circumvented he was. It would be too bad to tell any of the plot, and one need say no more about it than that it is entirely worthy of Mr. Clark Russell's powers both of seamanship and invention.

The five stories in Mr. Baring-Gould's volume have appeared before, but they well deserve the publication they now receive in a collected form. *Margery of Quether*, which gives its name to the volume, is an exceedingly powerful but gruesome tale—perhaps one of the ablest its voluminous author has written. The style is admirably suited both to the imaginary narrator and to the subject, but it is highly characteristic also of Mr. Baring-Gould himself. His not too amiable view of womankind comes out with a good deal of dry humour in the following passage:

"I have held my acres for five hundred years—

that is, my family the Rosedhus have, in direct lineal descent, always in the male line, and I intend, in like manner, to hand them on, neither impaired nor enlarged, to my own son, when I get one, which I am sure of, as the Rosedhus always have had male issue. But what with Nihilism, and Communism, and Tenant-right, and Agricultural Holdings legislation, threatened by Radicals and Socialists, there is no knowing where a man with ancestral acres stands, and, in the general topsy-turvyism into which we are plunging—God bless me!—I may be driven, Heaven preserve me, to have only female issue. There is no knowing to what we landed proprietors are coming."

All well-told Wild West stories are more or less alike. In all of them we meet with graphic descriptions, and witness desperate adventures, while there is generally a background of love-making, seasoned with a little fiery jealousy. These, at any rate, enter into the story of *Eagle Joe*, a romance strongly tinged with the wild life amid which part of the scene of it is laid. Paris, however, is the scene of another part of it, and Mr. Herman's skill is well shown in the ease with which he fits his characters to their surroundings in these widely dissimilar worlds. The love-making is both pathetic and tragic, and the telling of the whole story is as spirited as such a narrative ought to be.

Mr. George Gissing has hardly been so successful in *Denzil Quarrier* as he was in his recent exposure of "New Grub Street." His people here are commonplace, and there is not enough in the incidents of a parliamentary election in a country town to make an agreeable story. The perfidy of Denzil's friend, which forms a sequel to one part of the plot, is somewhat unaccountable; and though it adds a further element of delinquency, does not increase the interest. One would hesitate to say, however, that Mr. Gissing has not done the best he could with his materials.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

SOME BOOKS ON THE COLONIES.

The Government of Victoria, Australia. By Edward Jenks. (Macmillans.) Mr. Jenks was appointed to the chair of Law in Melbourne University in 1889; and immediately on his arrival at Melbourne found it incumbent on him, in order to fulfil the engagements made by the Faculty of Law, to lecture upon the public law of Victoria. The lectures were delivered during the two years 1889 and 1890, and are embodied in the present volume, which we cannot call as he does a "little book," seeing it is a full-sized octavo of 400 pages. Prof. Jenks takes the widest and most comprehensive view of his subject; he begins with a sketch of the relations of this country with its colonies from the earliest time, which he carries down to the settlement of Port Phillip. He makes the following interesting observation respecting the origin of Victoria:—

"Victoria, unlike England, is a community whose early government was based upon towns and town institutions. Before five years of its history had passed away, it contained four principal towns, which have since become great centres of commercial life and political activity. It is the county of the four towns, and all its institutions bear the impress of town life."

To follow the author all through the history and gradual development of the government

of Victoria in all its branches would be impossible; we will briefly remark on a few points of interest, which have struck us in a perusal of his work. At one time every place under the crown was held during pleasure, and the governor, as in the United States of North America, could dismiss every office-holder from the heads of departments down to the telegraph boys, without notice and at the same time. As a matter of fact, the power of dismissal was once at least used in Victoria as a weapon in party warfare. This abuse has been redressed by the establishment of a non-political body, the Public Service Board, which has an almost absolute power over the members of the civil service. No increase in the establishments can be made without its approval; it investigates all charges brought against officials in their official capacity and punishes the guilty. It remains to be seen whether this Board, established to get rid of one form of corruption, may not in time lead to another. It is a wise regulation that every appointment to the public service is made upon probation for a period of six months, and cannot be confirmed until the probationer has insured his life by a non-assignable policy. No ordinary official can receive any pension or allowance on retirement. Schooling is, of course, compulsory, but children are only required to attend school for forty days in each quarter; this amounts to rather less than half the days in the year, thus enabling the children to help their parents and giving them time to learn some useful trade or occupation. Lastly, we would notice what is probably little known, namely, that justices of the peace, appointed by the crown, occupy the same position with much the same jurisdictions in Victoria as in England, with the single exception that the chairman of quarter sessions is appointed by the governor in council instead of being elected by the justices. We have said that Prof. Jenks's book is very comprehensive; it is also both lucid and able, and it cannot fail to be of very great service to students in the colony of Victoria. They have here in one volume information which they would otherwise have to search for and extract piecemeal from acts of parliament, orders in council, and other sources, and which, in fact, was practically unattainable. What surprises us is that a work, the use and interest of which is almost entirely confined to the colony of Victoria, should be printed and brought out here, and not at Melbourne.

Britannic Confederation. A Series of Papers by Admiral Sir John Colomb, Prof. E. A. Freeman, George G. Chisholm, Prof. Shield Nicholson, Maurice H. Hervey, and Lord Thring. Edited, with an Introduction, by Arthur Silva White. (George Philip & Son.) The six essays contained in the present volume appeared first in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*. They are now, we are told, re-issued in book form to meet the demand for a wider circulation. While the book was in our hands we were startled and shocked by the lamentable news of the sudden death of Mr. Freeman, who contributed the second of the six essays. He never wrote anything more characteristic, both in its strong and its weak points. Part of it is taken up with an attack on the expression "Imperial Federation," but when it is finished we are not much advanced on our road. Nor do we gain much more from the contribution of the other Professor, Mr. J. Shield Nicholson, of Edinburgh, who deals with tariffs and international commerce. By far the most practical and useful of the series are those of Sir John Colomb and Mr. Maurice Hervey, Principal of the Illawarra College, New South Wales; and this is obviously the opinion of Lord Thring in his able summing up of the whole question.

Both these writers, as well as Lord Thring, put before us the relative advantages and gains to Great Britain and the individual colonies from union with each other, and both show that if the Colonies were to set up for themselves they would probably sink in the commonwealth of nations to the level of the South American republics. On this point Lord Thring writes:

"If, however, we proceed to weigh in the balance the benefit to the colony as compared with that to the mother-country, which is secured by their mutual connexion, it will be seen that the advantages in favour of the colony greatly preponderate. Take Australia as an example, and assume her to be independent. Where would she stand in the commonwealth of nations? Three millions of people would be charged with the protection of 8800 miles of seaboard. How long would Australia be for the Australians? What is there to prevent Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, from creating their "spheres of influence" in Australia? England protects them with an expenditure of fourteen millions a year, with a fleet that can follow an enemy into any sea, and blockade an enemy in its own ports. What possible force could Australia raise which could shut up the fleet of any European Power in port, or be prepared to meet such a force in the open sea? Again, in case of separation, at the very time when money was imperatively required for defence, what would be the value of Australian securities? At the present moment the Australian colonies raise money in the English market at the rate of three and a half per cent. Let them become independent and great would be the downfall in Australian wealth."

In this we have the sum of the whole matter—of what use is it to discuss trade and economical questions if a country is uncertain of its ability to maintain its independence. An excellent map is given, designed by the editor and compiled by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, showing the extent and general characteristics of the British empire. The countries of the empire occupied by settlers of European and principally British origin are distinguished on this map from those in which the native element preponderates. Foreign cities and towns in which there is a British embassy, legation, consulate, or consular agent are severally marked, thus showing the vast organisation maintained by Great Britain for the protection and assistance of all subjects of the empire.

The Rise of the Australian Wool Kings: a Romance of Port Phillip. By James Mouat. (Sonnenschein.) The author is, we presume, a son or descendant of Mr. James Mouat, of Yarraberb, one of the original pioneers who first entered the country composing the Bendigo gold fields district as licensed holders of crown lands. He has thrown his knowledge and experience of sheep farming into the form of a novel of no particular merit. We have already read many such stories. One of his heroines, "an Australian bush girl," is, of course, a great rider, and expert also in the use of firearms, as she proves to one of her admirers with whom she is riding by suddenly reining in her horse, and raising her pistol to within a short distance of the gentleman's forehead. The object of this startling proceeding was to show him how she would deal with the blacks if attacked. It is somewhat of a bathos that this energetic young lady should have to leave her wild and active life, her horses and pistols, to join a lady's seminary just opened in Melbourne; no wonder she found it irksome! We learn from the first chapter that the most famous flock of merino sheep in New South Wales is descended from a ram and ewe presented to Colonel Macarthur by King George III.

The Ancient Gold Fields of Africa from the Gold Coast to Mashonaland. By J. M. Stuart. (Express Printing Company.) Mr. Stuart tells us in his preface that he has been encouraged by the success of his last book on the Gold

Fields of Africa to issue the present work, which mainly consists of selections from what he calls standard authors who have written something on the subject of these ancient gold fields. It is his opinion that the eastern portion of the fields are of the same character and belong to the same mineral zone as those of the western provinces, and that "it behoves England and its pioneer explorers to follow up its acquisitions along the line of what is no doubt the most extensive gold zone in Africa, if not in the world."

There seems every prospect that England will not be wanting in her duty in the search for gold here as elsewhere. Mr. Stuart has certainly taken great pains to collect passages of interest with regard to both East and West, and has brought under contribution writers from the Venetian Cadamosto of the fifteenth century, the Portuguese Dos Santos of the seventeenth, the Dutch Bosman of the eighteenth, down to the Mauchs, the Erskines, the Burtons, and the Livingstones of the present day. Extracts from recent *Transactions* of the Geographical Society, from the *Graphic* and the *Cape Argus*, bring the information still nearer the date of his book. The result is very miscellaneous and amusing, and even those not specially interested in the subject may spend a pleasant hour in dipping into Mr. Stuart's pages and looking at his quaint illustrations. Just now when Englishmen are departing in crowds for the continent which is rapidly losing its claim to the sombre title of "dark," such a book as this will be welcome in many households; for though its main concern is with gold surpassing the dreams of avarice, its interest is by no means confined to financial speculations or mining difficulties. There are questions of climate (which by-the-by Mr. Stuart treats in a very sanguine spirit), and questions historical and geographical of the highest importance. The systematic exploration which will no doubt soon be undertaken throughout the "protected territories" and "spheres of influence" will probably settle many difficulties besides those of the land of Ophir and the true site of Queen Sheba's palace, but a short *résumé* of existing knowledge and of theories of former explorers should meet a present want. If a modern map had been added to the old ones given in the book, if the matter had been more methodically arranged, and if the author had made it clear when he was speaking in his own person, the compilation would have been still more valuable.

Two Years among the Savages of New Guinea, by W. D. Pitcairn. (Ward & Downey.) Mr. Pitcairn visited only the coast of the further half of the Eastern extremity of New Guinea, with its fringe of islands, but of what he did see he gives a good account. His relations with the natives seem to have been, on the whole, friendly, though he dwells on the necessity of keeping a careful watch, never to give them an opportunity of getting the better of a European, and of concealing merchandise from them, as the sight of a large quantity of "trade" such as tobacco, hatchets, &c., immediately kindles a desire in the natives to acquire it, and this desire soon leads them to murder the owner, or set fire to his vessel. We are reminded of the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor by the inhabitants of Rossel Island, one of the Louisiade group, who, when a large vessel with 350 Chinamen on board was driven on their coast, took them prisoners, fattened, killed, and ate them all by degrees. It is stated to be the fact that the cannibals consider a Chinaman better eating than a European. The author pays no attention to the flora or fauna of the islands he visited, but describes graphically the difficulties and dangers of navigation in the Coral Sea. The preface is dated more than a year ago; we are not told why the publication has been delayed.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE next volume to appear in the series of "Rulers of India," published by the Clarendon Press, will be *Mounstuart Elphinstone*, Governor of Bombay and Historian of Early India. The author is Mr. J. S. Cotton, who has, of course, mainly based himself upon the elaborate biography of Sir Thomas Colebrooke, though he has been able to add some interesting details from other sources. His object has been to show how the Presidency of Bombay grew almost to its present form under the long administration of the most philosophical and sympathetic of Anglo-Indian statesmen. The book is illustrated with a portrait, engraved on steel by Stodart for Colebrooke's second volume, the plate of which has been kindly lent by Mr. John Murray.

MESSRS. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, the Queen's Printers, have in the press a companion volume to their *Variorum Bible*, dealing with the Apocrypha. It has been compiled by the Rev. C. J. Ball, Chaplain to Lincoln's Inn, who edited some of the books of the Apocrypha for the Speaker's Commentary, and who has for many years devoted himself to biblical and oriental studies. The work will consist of the Authorised Version of the Apocrypha, with a digest of variant readings and renderings from the best authorities, and original comment by the editor.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish after Easter *Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism*; I., The David-Narratives, II., the Book of Psalms, by Canon Cheyne. The object of the book is to promote a more critical study of the Old Testament among educated persons in general, and to show that sound critical results are perfectly reconcilable with a devotional spirit. The novel feature of the book will be an analysis of the Books of Samuel, indicating the constituent documents. There will also be a chapter on the inspiration of the different parts of the Old Testament, and more especially of the Psalms.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co. announce for publication, in the course of the year, a series of six *Books about Books*, in which the subjects of chief interest to book-collectors will be dealt with by specialists. Mr. Madan, of the Bodleian, will write on "Books in Manuscript"; Mr. Gordon Duff on "Early Printed Books"; Mr. A. W. Pollard (to whom the general arrangement of the series has been entrusted) on the "Decoration of Books"; Mr. H. P. Horne on "Bindings"; Mr. Charles Elton, Q.C., M.P., on "Great Collectors"; and Mr. W. J. Hardy on "Book-Plates." Each volume of the series will be adequately illustrated.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS also have in preparation two volumes on English and French *Ex Libris*, which will form the initial numbers of an illustrated series of little monographs for collectors and bookmen.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. will publish during next week *The Australian Encyclopædia*, at which Mr. G. Collins Levey, C.M.G., has been working for a considerable time. Beside alphabetical descriptions of all places in Australia and New Zealand, it will contain an account of the principal events, discoveries, resources, laws, constitutions, and statistics, with biographies of leading men from the earliest dates to 1855, and a special map of the Colonies.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for early publication a volume on *The Folk Speech of Devonshire*, by Mrs. Sarah Hewett. It will give in a classified form the words, rhymes, sayings, and proverbs prevalent throughout the county; and also some local stories taken down from oral narration.

THE Rev. J. Cave-Browne, vicar of Detling—whose books on Lambeth Palace and on All Saints' Church, Maidstone, will be known to our antiquarian readers—has now in the press a history of Boxley parish, Kent, in which he will describe its abbey and abbots, its clergy and eminent laymen, its church, monuments, and registers, and also the historical trial on Penenden Heath in 1076. We believe that the first Lord Hardinge was born at Boxley. The book, which will be illustrated, is being printed for the author by Mr. E. J. Dickinson, of Maidstone.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have nearly ready for publication the second volume of the Rev. Dr. Malan's *Original Notes on the Book of Proverbs*, containing parallel proverbs taken principally from the Chinese, Sanskrit, and other Eastern writings.

THE next volume of the "Dilettante Series" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) will be devoted to Walt Whitman, and is thus very timely. The author, Mr. William Clarke, has divided his subject into five sections, dealing with the personality of the poet, his message to America, his art, his ideas about democracy, and his fundamental philosophy. A new portrait will accompany the volume.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish immediately a book by Mr. Louis Henry Curzon, entitled *A Mirror of the Turf*; or, *The Machinery of Horse-Racing Revealed*, showing "the sport of kings" as it is to-day.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will shortly publish an edition (in three volumes) of Mr. Frederick Leal's novel, *Wynter's Masterpiece*, which has recently run through half a dozen provincial newspapers.

MESSRS. ELLIS & ELVEY will publish immediately a new edition of Rossetti's *Dante and his Circle*, with a preface by Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

THE Rev. Dr. Stalker's book, *The Preacher and His Models*, now in its sixth thousand, is being translated into Swedish.

THE first edition of Mrs. Hungerford's three-volume story, *Nor Wife nor Maid*, having been exhausted soon after publication, the publisher, Mr. Heinemann, announces a second edition, which is now ready, and may be obtained at any library.

WE understand that "The Flower of Smoke-land," which appears in this month's *Cornhill*, is written by Mr. John Walker.

THE next monthly meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom will be held on Monday, April 11, at 8.30 p.m., at 20 Hanover-square, when a paper will be read by Mr. Hew Morrison (librarian of the Edinburgh Public Library) on "The Edinburgh Public Library and its First Year's Work."

THE English Catalogue of Books for 1891, compiled from the entries in the *Publishers' Circular*, has just been issued, on a new plan. Hitherto, there have been two alphabets: one of authors' names, and the other of subjects or titles. These two alphabets have now been combined into one, with the result of reducing the bulk, at the expense of not a little additional labour to the compiler; while the advantage of a double index is maintained, by means of changes of type and indications of cross reference. We are certainly disposed to regard the change as an improvement. The publishers are Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

THE Clarendon Press have now issued a "miniature" edition, in six volumes, of the Oxford Shakspeare, edited by Mr. W. J. Craig, which they first published, in a single volume, last Christmas. It is printed on India paper, nicely bound, with gilt edges, and enclosed in a case. In so far as it has a broad page, without double columns, we prefer it to the earlier edition.

SCOTTISH JOTTINGS.

THERE is no early illuminated manuscript of an ecclesiastical character of equal interest to Scotsmen with that copy of the Evangelistarium, acquired by the Bodleian in 1887, which was afterwards identified as the "Book of the Gospels" that had been owned by Margaret, Saint and Queen, sister of Eadgar Ætheling, wife of Malcolm III. of Scotland, and mother of Matilda, Queen of Henry I. of England. It was proved to be the identical volume mentioned in the Life of St. Margaret, usually attributed to Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews, her confessor, as having fallen into a stream and been miraculously preserved from injury by the water, by a Latin poem, inscribed on the second folio, recording the same miracle. The book was fully described in the ACADEMY for Aug. 6, 20, and Sept. 3, 1887. All devout Scotsmen will be glad to know that the facsimile reproduction in full colours of this venerable and, nationally, most interesting manuscript has been undertaken by Messrs. Scott & Fergusson, of Edinburgh, and that its appearance may be looked for in the autumn. If this is characterised by all the care and accuracy which marked the firm's transcript of the Lawson MS. Illustrations of the Life of St. Cuthbert, of the twelfth century, which they published five years ago, it will indeed be a valuable possession. The forthcoming volume is to be edited by the Rev. William Forbes-Leith, under whose care the previous book was issued.

DAVID DEUCHAR, Seal Engraver to George, Prince of Wales, was an enthusiastic genealogist of the last century, and one of the founders of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. But he also occupies a pleasant place in the history of Scottish art, not only in virtue of his volume of clever etchings from Holbein's "Dance of Death," published in 1788, and his *Etchings, chiefly from the Dutch and Flemish Schools* (1803), but also because it was he who first discerned the artistic promise of the boy Raeburn, when the latter was a jeweller's apprentice in Edinburgh, and after giving him what art instruction he could, placed him in the way of better. The plates of Deuchar's etchings still exist in good condition; and we understand a new edition will shortly be issued by Mr. John Grant, of Edinburgh.

THE elaborate monograph on "The Mammalian Fauna of the Edinburgh District," contributed by Mr. William Evans to the *Proceedings* of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, of which he is secretary, is about to be published in a corrected and somewhat extended form by Messrs. McFarlane & Erskine, Edinburgh. Mr. Evans's more important work on the "Birds of the Forth Valley," which he began some years ago, in conjunction with the late Robert Gray, author of that charming and now all but unprocurable work, *The Birds of the West of Scotland*, is also being proceeded with.

MESSRS. THOMSON BROTHERS, of Edinburgh, are preparing for publication a large quarto volume, containing lithographic reproductions of more than one hundred portraits in pen and ink, drawn by John Sheriff (Dr. Syntax), between the years 1800 and 1844. Mr. John M. Gray, curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, will contribute an introduction and biographical sketch.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS announce for immediate publication a *Life of George Meikle Kemp*, architect of the Scott Monument at Edinburgh, with three portraits and numerous illustrations. It is written by Mr. Thomas Bonnar, the author of several books on modern Scottish art.

MR. DAVID CUTHBERTSON, author of *College Echoes*, has in preparation a similar volume, dealing with university life at Edinburgh, to be called *The Student's Pilgrimage*. It will give an account of the several outbreaks of the students and conflicts with the bailies during the past two hundred years, and also tell the story of many students' magazines, giving extracts from some of the older ones. Other chapters will treat of the Professor, the Professor's Assistant, the Janitor, and kindred subjects, interspersed with anecdotes and reminiscences.

THAT fine Rembrandt, the portrait of Hendrikje Stoffels, from the Carignan and Mildmay collections, which recently figured in the Wertheimer sale, has been acquired by Mr. William McEwan, at a cost of 5500 guineas, and presented to the National Gallery of Scotland. It will be remembered that this work attracted much attention in the Old Masters Exhibition of 1883.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. J. A. FROUDE has been nominated by the Crown to the chair of modern history at Oxford, vacant by the death (now more than ever to be lamented) of Mr. Freeman.

THE current number of the *Eagle*—a magazine supported by members of St. John's College, Cambridge—has for frontispiece the engraving by Stodart of the late Prof. Adams which originally appeared among the series of "Scientific Worthies" in *Nature*. The memoir that follows it has the special interest of having been written by Prof. Adams for a biographical work, though not hitherto published in full. It is supplemented by reminiscences of him by some of his contemporaries. The same number also contains a lengthy paper on "The Humour of Homer," by Mr. Samuel Butler.

It happens, also, that the April number of the *Forum* (London: Edward Arnold) opens with "A Review of my Opinions," by Mr. E. A. Freeman, which must have been the very last thing he wrote. He here describes the circumstances that moulded his early life, and incidentally gives an appreciation of Macaulay's style.

PROF. E. RAY LANKESTER has published an open letter upon the existing system of medical education at Oxford. He protests against the inclusion of human anatomy in the course of study for the honour school of natural science; and would substitute a wider education in the general sciences, such as the classification and morphological characters of plants and animals. With this object, he suggests that the preliminary examination should consist of five subjects, of which three should be taken up at once.

THE jubilee of the Beef Steak Club at Wadham College, Oxford, will be celebrated next term by a dinner in the college hall. In the unavoidable absence of the Bishop of Wakefield, the chair will be taken by the Rev. Dr. Codrington.

THE committee appointed to consider the question of grants to University Colleges in Great Britain have just issued their report. They recommend that the existing grant of £15,000 should be continued in the same proportions as at present; and, if the Government should decide to grant a further amount, they suggest its distribution among the institutions already aided, with the addition of £1000 to Bedford College and £500 to Queen's College, London. In this connexion, it may be mentioned that Bedford College claims to have educated one-third of the women-graduates of the University of London, eighty-three in all, including five M.A.'s and one D.Sc.

MR. F. G. BAILY, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been appointed demonstrator in electrotechnics, under Prof. Lodge, at University College, Liverpool.

WE have received a programme of the courses of study arranged at Cambridge, from July 26 to August 20, for what are modestly but rather awkwardly styled "local lectures students." Anything is better than the misleading phrase "university extension." Laboratory demonstrations and experimental lectures will be given in chemistry, physics, physiology, and geology, for all of which special text-books are recommended. There will also be courses on English history and English essayists; while the Rev. C. H. Middleton-Wake has undertaken to deliver six lectures on "The Study of Ancient Prints, from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century," illustrated by the engravings in the Fitzwilliam Museum, the additions to which were recently recorded in the ACADEMY. Prof. Jebb is also announced to give a single lecture on "Greek Poetry." We notice that it is expressly stated: "no examination will be held in any of the courses, and the instruction is not designed to meet the requirements of candidates for public examinations."

A CONFERENCE will be held at Oxford, on April 27 and 28, to consider the best means of organising peripatetic instruction in scientific subjects. The conference has been convened by the delegates for university extension. The University of Cambridge and the Victoria University will be officially represented at the conference, to which all the county councils, which have co-operated with the three universities in the arrangement of lectures and teaching during the past winter, have been invited to send representatives.

DURING next term, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse will deliver a special course of six lectures upon "The National Gallery"—from Fra Angelico to Constable—at the ladies' department of King's College, Kensington-square. The lectures will be illustrated by demonstrations at the National Gallery.

THE Oxford Historical Society has just issued its twentieth volume, *The Grey Friars in Oxford*, by Andrew G. Little, who has taken infinite pains to bring together from books and unprinted records all the fragmentary information that is now available concerning this little-known episode in the life of the university. The first part gives the history of the convent, in the parish of St. Ebbe's, from the arrival of the first friars in England in 1224 down to the dissolution. All trace of the site has long ago vanished, though the chapel contained the tomb of no less a person than Richard Plantagenet, King of the Romans. Equally melancholy is the account of the disappearance of what was once a magnificent library. A description is also given of the course of study, and of the rivalry between the different orders. The second part, which is not the least valuable, contains biographical and bibliographical notices of the friars. Here will be found the names of the two great schoolmen, William of Ockham and John Duns Scotus, of Roger Bacon and Thomas Bungay, of Bishop Grossetete and Archbishop Peckham. This, it appears, is all that is really known about Thomas Bungay, Roger Bacon's traditional associate in the black art:

"He perhaps entered the order in Norwich. He lectured as D.D. in the Franciscan convent at Oxford about 1270. . . . He lectured afterwards at Cambridge, being the fifteenth in the list of Franciscan masters there. He was the eighth English Provincial Minister, and was succeeded by Peckham, probably in 1275. He was buried at Northampton. . . . None of his works are printed; only one seems to be extant in MS., *De Celo et Mundo*, in the library of Caius College, Cambridge."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

E. A. FREEMAN.

Died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892.

Called to his rest tho' not on that loved strand
That claimed his last life-labour—now denied
Its high fulfilment—yet he sleeps beside
Blue Mediterranean waters in a land
Of palms and columns, over-towered of old
By the tall rock whose sunlit bastions brought
Light to his darkening eyes. There, too, twice
rolled
Th' "Eternal Strife" whose island-fields he
sought
From Mongibello to the wind-swept crest
Of Julian and Astarté. East and West,
Thralldom and freedom were to him no theme
Scholastic, but that mighty human heart,
Outpouring words of thunder, still took part
In each uprising, were it but a dream.

A. J. E.

"SOLVITUR ACRIIS HYEMS."

To Dorothy.

THE swelling woods with songs of birds ring
clear;
The earth relents, and shows another face;
The lawns are cloth'd, the flowers re-appear;
When surly winter to the spring gives place.
No more the frost lies white upon the fields;
Rich scents and sounds come floating down the
breeze;
Carpets of blossom every orchard yields;
Gardens are drowsy with the hum of bees.
So sang my best loved poets long ago,
Horace and Virgil, of their happier day,
Their southern world. Ah me! our springs are
slow;
They tease us, and they loiter by the way.
Spring mocks us now with many a golden hour
Of sun and growth, half shown, then snatch'd
from view;
And we are left again in winter's power:
But still, dear Dorothy, it gives us you,
A matchless gift. The wild, capricious time,
Thus giving, is forgiven: and I would make
In praise of spring, as poets us'd, a rhyme,
To say how well I love it, for your sake.

A. G.

OBITUARY.

JOHN MURRAY.

No man of letters could feel unmoved on hearing of the death of Mr. John Murray, on Saturday last, in the historic house in Albemarle-street. He had almost completed his eighty-fourth year; but until his health was broken by this severe winter, he continued to be the active head of the great publishing firm to which he succeeded fifty years ago. The story of his father's life, and of the foundation of the business, was told in detail only last year by Dr. Samuel Smiles, in *A Publisher and His Friends*. The same title would be appropriate for a biography of the son; for nothing could exceed the cordiality of the relations between himself and the distinguished men whom he used affectionately to call "his authors." Not only did he inherit his father's spirit of generosity in money matters; but he was always ready to bestow infinite pains upon the external features of the books he published, so that when a work came out with John Murray's imprint, the author felt, and the public acknowledged, that no small part of its success was due to the personal interest of the publisher. As an example of this, we need only mention the very latest of his publications, *Whymper's Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator*.

John Murray III.—John Murray, Junior, as he used to be styled—was born in 1808, the year of *Marmion*, the year before the foundation of the *Quarterly*; for by such landmarks

one naturally determines the epoch. At the age of six we hear of his being asked by Croker to criticise the proofs of his *Stories for Children from the History of England*. A little later, in 1815, he remembered to have beheld Byron and Scott, "the two greatest poets of the age, both lame, stumping downstairs side by side," in his father's house in Albemarle-street. In 1824—as a boy of sixteen, but with a discretion beyond his years—he was one of the small party present on the memorable occasion of the burning of Byron's *Memoirs*, the circumstances of which he first made public in the first number of the *ACADEMY*. In 1827, while a student at the University of Edinburgh, he attended the dinner of the Theatrical Fund, at which Walter Scott was constrained to reveal himself as the author of the *Waverley Novels*. After leaving Edinburgh, he devoted some years to continental travel, which led directly to the compilation of the famous and invaluable series of *Handbooks*, and also to another incident which we have heard from his own lips. Byron had dedicated more than one of his dramas to Goethe, of whom he always spoke as the foremost figure in European literature since Voltaire. One of these was "Marino Faliero"; but for some reason the dedication was not printed, nor did it reach Goethe until John Murray in person brought it to him at Weimar in 1831. Even now the letter of dedication has only been published in a fragmentary form in *Moore's Life*; and it would be interesting to learn whether a complete copy of what is a very characteristic example of Byron's sarcastic prose is still preserved among the Goethe Archives. Goethe was then within a year of his death; and his youthful visitor was fond of telling with what courtesy and dignity he was received by the venerable poet, who expressed himself highly gratified with this token of Byron's admiration. We doubt whether any Englishman now survives who has seen Goethe except the Right Hon. Sir Charles Augustus Murray, who described his interview in the *ACADEMY* of November 6, 1886.

On the death of his father in 1843, John Murray succeeded to the business. Henceforth his life may be said to resemble a bookseller's catalogue, if it were not for the literary traditions and genial hospitality that will always remain associated with the house in Albemarle-street. To enumerate the books he published, and the guests at his table, would be to record most of the stars of the Victorian era, alike in politics, history, science, exploration, and archaeology. Peel and Gladstone (who recently called to see his old friend on the morrow of his return from the continent), Hallam, Stanhope, Grote, and Motley, De Tocqueville, Austin, and Maine, Milman and Stanley, Darwin and Lyell, Wilkinson, Layard, Rawlinson, Schliemann, Yule, Bates, and Du Chaillu—all published with John Murray and frequented his rooms. In poetry only does there seem some falling off from the great days of his father. Nor must we forget that he was among the pioneers of cheap literature by issuing the "Home and Colonial Library," in which Hermann Melville's *Typee* found an early place. And who can estimate the debt that scholars owe to him and to Dr. William Smith for the voluminous set of *Classical and Christian Dictionaries*, which has recently been crowned by the new edition, in two volumes, of the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*? Or who can tell what benefits popular education has derived from the same Dr. William Smith's school-books and the series of *Students' Manuals*? In this place, too, we are more especially bound to remember the services rendered to independent criticism and learning by John Murray as the first publisher of the *ACADEMY*.

John Murray wrote himself, with all the pains and difficulties of a pioneer, the first editions of the familiar red *Handbooks* for Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine, for France, and for Switzerland; though afterwards he entrusted the work to experienced men of letters, such as Ford and Layard. And we believe that we are violating no confidence when we state that he was also the author of a little book entitled *Scepticism in Geology and the Reasons for it*, by Verifier (second edition, 1878), which, perhaps, represents the teaching that he learnt from Prof. Jamieson in his Edinburgh days.

Finally, it is pleasant to know that the dynasty of John Murray will be continued by his eldest son, together with another brother who bears the honoured name of Hallam.

J. S. C.

WE have also to record the death of Mr. James Sprent Virtue, well known as the publisher of the *Art Journal*, with which his firm has been connected for more than half a century. He died, quite suddenly, of heart disease, on Tuesday, March 29, in the sixty-third year of his age.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for April opens with the third and last part of Prof. Cheyne's criticism of Dr. Driver's Introduction to the Old Testament, which deals with the greater part of the books called the Hagiographa, from Psalms to Daniel. Dean Chadwick continues his vivid studies of the Miracles of Christ, which show that the Irish Church still has an eloquent writer and preacher. Prof. Sanday continues his examination of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, showing, as he believes, that the author was born and died in Palestine, and that he is characteristically Palestinian in his habits of thought and speech. He regards the influence of Hellenistic Jewish philosophy as extremely remote and indirect, and not comparable in extent with the influence of the Old Testament. He also remarks that the idea of a personal or quasi-personal Being between God and this world was by no means confined to Alexandria, but extended more or less over the East; and against Schürer quotes a striking passage from Harnack's *Doymengesichte*, which has however been modified in the second edition. He also discusses some points with Mr. Cross, and comes to the conclusion (which, however, is obviously premature, even from his own point of view, until he has considered what some have called "partition-theories") that "if we frankly accept the Johannine authorship of the Gospel, all the characteristics of it which we have noted fall easily and duly into their places." The tone of the article is almost uniquely admirable. Mr. G. A. Smith's historical survey of the geography of the Holy Land has reached the central range of hills and the borders of Judaea. Prof. Davidson notices Buhl's *Canon and Text of the Old Testament*.

In the April number of the *Antiquary Canon* Isaac Taylor concludes his paper on prehistoric Rome, which, so far as most English people are concerned, gives to the Eternal City a new source of interest. Mr. Haverfield's quarterly notes on Roman Britain appear with praiseworthy regularity. They are not only interesting to the reader as they appear, but serve as a storehouse of material for a *Directory* of Roman Britain, a work long dreamed of and talked about by scholars. The Rev. C. R. Manning contributes a learned paper on a sealed altar-stone, existing in Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire. These sealed stones are very rare in this country. They were probably not common before the Reformation; and would,

when the change occurred, be more offensive to those who were employed to remove what they called "monuments of superstition," than the common altar-stones, which bore the five crosses, but had in them no relic-cavity. Of the ordinary kind many examples still exist in a perfect state, although we gather that orders were issued that they should be broken and defaced. In those parts of the country where there was a strong feeling in favour of the old ways of worship, it would seem that royal and episcopal injunctions were interpreted with considerable laxity. Mr. R. C. Hope continues his collections relating to Holy Wells, which, when completed, will form a pretty complete catalogue.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BERALDI, H. *Raffet: peintre national*. Paris: Hazard. 3 fr. 50 c.
 CLARETIE, Jules. *L'Américaine: roman contemporain*. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.
 HARTFELDER, K. *Das Ideal e. Humanistenschule*. (Die Schule Coletts zu St. Paulin London.) Leipzig: Teubner. 80 Pf.
 LEBRAND, E. *Unedirte Aktenstücke über Rigas Velestinli den Wiener Archiven entnommen*. Athens: Beck. 3 fr.
 PALUSTRE, Léon. *L'Architecture de la Renaissance*. Paris: Quantin. 3 fr. 50 c.
 PICARD-DESTELAN, A. *Annam et Tonkin: notes de voyage d'un marin*. Paris: Ollendorf. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- KOENIGSBERGER, B. *Aus Masorah u. Talmudkritik. Exegetische Studien*. 1. Hft. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- AUMALE, Duc d'. *Histoire des princes de Condé pendant les 16^e et 17^e siècles*. T. 6. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
 BRUNNHOFER, H. *Vom Aral bis zur Ganga. Historisch-geograph. u. ethnolog. Skizzen zur Urgeschichte der Menschheit*. Leipzig: Friedrich. 8 M.
 COSTA DE BEAUREGARD, Marquis. *Le Roman d'un Royaliste sous la Révolution: souvenirs du Comte de Virien*. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
 FORSTER, H. *Die Sieger in den olympischen Spielen*. 2. Th. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M.
 HUBERT, L. *Gottesdienst u. Landfrieden. Rechtsgeschichtliche Studien*. 1. Buch. Ansbach: Brühl. 10 M.
 LAMPE, F. *Qui fuerint Gregorii Mayri papae temporibus in imperii byzantini parte occidentali exarchi et qualia eorum iura et officia*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 MEININGER, E. *Une Chronique suisse inédite du 16^e Siècle* (Circell der Eidgenossenschaft von Andreas Ryff). Basel: Geering. 6 M. 40 Pf.
 MENADIER, J. *Deutsche Münzen*. 1. Bd. Berlin: Weyl. 7 M. 50 Pf.
 OMPTEDA, L. Frhr. v. *E. hannoversch-englischer Offizier vor hundert Jahren*. C. F. W. Frhr. v. Ompteda, 1765—1815. Leipzig: Hirzel. 6 M.
 PATZIG, E. *Johannes Antiochenus u. Johannes Malalas*. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 PLATH, K. *Zur Entstehungsgeschichte der Visio Wettini d. Walafridi*. 1 M. 35 Pf. Die Königsfalzen der Merowinger u. Karolinger. 2 M. 70 Pf. Berlin: Siebert.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- COUPIN, H. *Les Mollusques*. 1^{er} Fasc. Paris: Carré. 4 fr.
 LEBENFELD, R. v. *Die Spongien der Afria*. I. Die Kalkschwämme. Leipzig: Engelmann. 10 M.
 RUEST. *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der fossilen Radiolarien aus Gesteinen der Trias u. der paläozoischen Schichten*. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 50 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- FUHR, K. *Die Metrik d. westgermanischen Allitterationsverses. Sein Verhältnis zu Otfried, den Nibelungen, der Gudrun etc.* Marburg: Elwert. 3 M. 60 Pf.
 HEINZEL, R. *Ueb. das Gedicht vom König Orendel*. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 PLAMBERG, O. *De M. Tullii Cicerois Hortensio dialogo*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 ΣΚΙΑΣ, A. N. *Περὶ τῆς κρητικῆς διαλέκτου*. Athens: Beck. 3 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HUNDRED AND TENTH PSALM.

Vienna: March 22, 1892.

Having been invited, both publicly and privately, to join in the discussion about the acrostic in Psalm cx., let me say that I hailed the independent finding of it by Mr. G. Margoliouth with satisfaction, as it relieved me from a somewhat burdensome secret. For I had discovered it already in 1885 (together with the other in Psalm ii.), and told the matter to some

scholars, among others to Prof. Nöldeke as early as 1886, and to Prof. Robertson Smith in 1890. Rightly or wrongly, I kept it from publicity, not from any cowardice, I trust, but from a fear to give pain to dear and venerable friends. Now, of course, there is no further reason for reticence, as the most burning part of the fact is already before the public.

The acrostic, of course, may be accidental, but all the facts connected with it combine against this bare possibility. Among these, I would call attention to the rule that נחם, when construed with the genitive of the inspirer (not with that of the person inspired), is invariably preceded by some words belonging to the inspired sentence (according to the analogy of the Latin *inquit*). We are, therefore, not only entitled, but even constrained, to prefix some words to the beginning of the Psalm, and, most conveniently, to anticipate the first words of the oracle.

The objection of Dr. Gaster has already been answered by Mr. Margoliouth. To Dr. Neubauer I would reply that there are Greek acrostics, giving royal names of the Ptolemaean period, why not then also Hebrew ones?

Perhaps only the name שמעון was intended, so that the following initials have no special meaning; but the subjoined attempt to restore the primitive text of the Psalm presupposes the word ימלך after it. Supplemented passages are included in square brackets. The addition in v. 4 is necessary, because על דברתי cannot signify *secundum ordinem*. In v. 3 I feel justified in treating as much corrupted the words לך מלך wanting in LXX. The sense appears to be—"all thy young warriors care for thee more than for their own breath" (cf. Lament. iv. 20).

[שב לי] נחם י לאדני נשך לימני
 עד אשת איבך הדם לרגליך
 מטה עיד י שלח י מנין
 רדה בקרב איבך [פי י עמך]
 עמד נדבת ביום חילך בחרתי קדש
 מרסם משחקך כל ילדך
 נשבע י ולא ינחם את כהן לעלם
 על דברתי [לא יאמץ] את מלכעדך
 יתישב לך אדני על ימנך
 מחץ ביום אפו מלכם יון בנים
 מלא נזית מחץ ראש על ארץ רבה
 × × × × × × × × × ×

ל
 × × × × × × × × × × × × × ×
 מנחל בדרך ישהה על כן ירם ראש:
 × × × × × × × × × × × × × ×
 כ
 × × × × × × × × × × × × × ×

I do not remember to have ever mentioned Psalm lxxxvii. as an acrostic, nor even to have entertained such an idea, so that Dr. Gaster's memory must have confounded the suggestion of somebody else with mine. At all events, I wash my hands of that acrostic; but in Psalm ii. the first four parallels give the acrostic לייני, "by Alexander Jannaeus," who in this case seems to be himself the poet (cf. ii. 7 in contrast with ex. 1). If we take the acrostic as covering the whole psalm, we would have afterwards ויעזר שר ועזר ("woe unto Sheth and Akko"). From Num. xxiv. 17 (cf. Jer. xlviii. 45) we know that Sheth ("noise," *renommage*) was a nickname given to Moab by the Jews. The final Vav in Akko would be supplied by the last letter of the psalm; or, if this expedient should be deemed arbitrary, the *scriptio defectiva* עך (to be found

on coins) might be resorted to. In the following text of Psalm ii. the variations in vv. 6-7 (except the transposition) are the readings of LXX.

למה רגשו גים ולאמם יהנו רק
 יהיבנו מלכי ארץ ורונם נוכדו יחד
 על י ועל משחו
 ננקה את מכרהם ונשלכה עברהם:
 ישב בשמים ישחק אדני ילענ להם
 אז ידבקם באפו ובחרנו יבהלם
 מקסר את חקי ואני נפיקתי מלכו
 על צין הר קדשו
 י אמר אלי בני את אני היום ילדהך
 שאל ממני ואהנה גים נחלהך
 ואחזקת אפסי ארץ
 הרעם בשבת ברול ככלי יצר הנפסם:
 ועת מלכם השכלו הוכרו שפטי ארץ
 עבדו את י ביראה ונלו ברעדה
 פן יאנקו והאבדו דרך
 כי יבער כמעט אנו אשרי כל חסי בו:

Josephus gives full accounts of the wars which Jannaeus waged with Moab and Akko from the very beginning of his reign.

G. BICKELL.

London: March 23, 1892.

In reply to Prof. Cheyne's weighty remarks, I must point out that I limited myself to prove (1) That acrostics of names are unknown in Biblical literature; (2) that the spelling of Shimeon would be faulty, thus rendering improbable the supposed acrostic; (3) that, even admitting for argument's sake the acrostic Shimeon, there is no cogent reason why it should be the Maccabaeus, and not some other renowned personage bearing the same name. I did not mean to ascribe this Psalm to any of the high priests mentioned by me, but only tried to show that the Psalm could apply also to persons of the pre-Maccabaeus period, as far as the supposed acrostic is concerned. I have not ventured upon the question of internal evidence or upon the discussion of the date of the Psalm. (However liberally disposed the editor of the ACADEMY would be—and I gratefully acknowledge his liberality—I do not think that questions of so comprehensive a character could be dealt with adequately in the columns of a paper that represents every shade of the intellectual life of a nation.) As Prof. Cheyne rightly remarks, the date of a Psalm "cannot be properly discussed by itself; it ought to form part of a comprehensive examination of the origin of the two last books of the Psalter." But I think that I am able to state in a few sentences the views I hold about the origin of the Psalter; I hope to put them forward at greater length in another place.

The order of the Psalms in the Psalter has nothing whatsoever to do with the date of their composition. The Psalter was the service book of the Temple-singers; and those Psalms that were used most in the service of the Temple are those placed last in the book, while those which, through the pronounced personal character they bear, were considered to be of less general import, were relegated to the beginning of the book, and form the first section of the Psalter. Most of the Psalms in the last books of the Psalter have a general character; the individual element is almost obliterated, or merged in the general in such a manner that all the worshippers could join in the refrain and utter the doxology as a fitting response. The redactor of the Psalter was led simply by practical considerations with his eye upon the service in the Temple,

placing old and more recent Psalms indiscriminately one next to the other, irrespective of the probable date of their composition.

Mishna and Talmud and early traditions preserved in the Liturgy of the Synagogue prove that the Psalms of the last two books of the Psalter were those sung in the Temple, and they are—with but few exceptions—recited to our very time in the synagogue on different occasions throughout the year. This is not to be taken as a hard and fast rule, meaning that only the Psalms of the last two books are used—some stray Psalms from the first three are also to be found in the actual service, but these seem to have been grouped according to the authors, a few only of them were used in the worship of the Temple; and so again, some of the Psalms from the last two books, especially those that have the superscription, do not enter into the service—but as a general rule this classification stands, and affords an explanation for the order in which we find the Psalms grouped in the Psalter. In a similar manner the five scrolls of the Hagiographa are often grouped, in ancient MSS. and sources, according to the order in which they are read in the synagogue. The place, therefore, where a Psalm stands does not in the least determine the probable date of its composition.

As far as Psalm ex. is concerned, there is nothing to prevent us from applying it to one of the descendants of the House of David, metaphorically called also "David" (*cf.* Ezekiel xxxiv. 23-24), say, to Joash, king of Judah, preserved by his aunt, the wife of the high priest, made king by that very high priest who repairs the Temple and triumphs over his enemies (2 Kings ii., and 2 Chronicles xxiv.), or—what is more probable—to the still older Jehoshaphat, son of Asa, king of Judah, according to the description in 2 Chronicles xx., of which Psalm ex. seems to be a poetical paraphrase.

In conclusion, I wish to state that for us the last authoritative "oracle of the Lord" is the prophecy of Malachi. No Psalm is for us an "oracle of the Lord"; it is only the most exalted rapturous expression of faith unshaken and of hope everlasting.

M. GASTER.

Arlington House, Oxford: March 31, 1892.

The Bampton Lecturer of 1889 complains in the ACADEMY of my criticising his view of Psalm ex. in the University pulpit. I have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that many who heard Prof. Cheyne's Lectures and my sermon are far from thinking that I did him wrong or mis-used the occasion by examining one of the chief foundations of his theory before the same audience.

Speaking of the theory that Simon the Maccabee is the person represented in the Psalm "as called by Jehovah to sit at His right hand, and as receiving from Jehovah Himself the solemn consecration, 'Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek,'" I said that "such a supposition is as directly opposed to the facts of history as it is repugnant to every principle of literary taste and sober judgment." The supposition has been held by others before Prof. Cheyne, who had no right to regard the criticism as a "personal attack," much less to lend an air of personality to what he calls "a charge of such a serious nature," by misquoting it as "the imputation of contempt for the facts of history, and want of literary taste and sober judgment."

In reference to Simon's coinage, Prof. Cheyne says that I have made my "original error worse" in the second edition, adding, "It is, as I clearly see, the fault of a friend of his, who

referred to Madden's *Coins* for him." Having now been able to refer to Madden for myself, I find that my friend's report and the statement based upon it in my Appendix are both perfectly correct. What Prof. Cheyne, as I suppose, means by my "original error" occurs at p. 11 (2nd ed.) in a reference to his assertion that Simon

"lacked nothing of the dignity (of king) but the name. Syria claimed no authority over him; without asking leave of his nominal overlord, he struck coins, &c."

And on this I remarked:

"It is strange to read in the sole authority on the subject, that Antiochus Sidetes, brother and successor of Demetrius, writes to Simon thus: 'I give thee leave also to coin money for thy country with thine own stamp' (1 Macc. xv. 6).

I submit that my reference to this passage is fully justified by the fact that it proves the assertion, "Syria claimed no authority over him," to be directly contrary to the history. As to the date of Simon's first coinage, it is clear from 1 Macc. xiii. 41, 42, that his "first official year" was A.S. 170, when "the people of Israel began to write in their instruments and contracts, in the first year of Simon the high priest, the governor and leader of the Jews." Dr. Merzbacher proposes, as Madden cautiously observes, to make Simon's "first official year" A.S. 172, two years later; and in this he is followed by Prof. Cheyne. For my own part I prefer the authority of the First Book of Maccabees and Fynes Clinton to that of Dr. Merzbacher's precarious theory of the coins. I therefore adhere to the view put forward in my Appendix, that the coin of the first year of Simon, if rightly attributed to him, marks the commencement of the new era, "showing that the right of coinage then first assumed was a natural consequence of the immunity from tribute and other concessions granted by Demetrius."

I am unable to verify Prof. Cheyne's quotation from Prof. Rawlinson for want of any more definite reference than "Speaker's Commentary"; but I fail to find in Prof. Rawlinson's notes any support for the theory that "the imperial sway over other peoples than Israel spoken of in the Psalm" was ever exercised by Simon.

E. H. GIFFORD.

Oxford: April 6, 1892.

Dr. Gifford hardly takes my meaning, or he would not, I think, have written such a reply. The justification of my "complaint" is that I have myself never "examined" controversially a theory held by a brother churchman and a resident in the same university in St. Mary's Church, and, had I done so, should have avoided such expressions as Dr. Gifford quotes from his own sermon. That this eminent theologian acted conscientiously I do not for a moment doubt; but I still think the public interest demanded that I should call attention to his procedure. The charge of "misquoting" is, I am sure, hastily made; Dr. Gifford will have guessed by this time that there was a printer's error: in my MS. there stood the marks of parenthesis. On the third point—a matter of some critical interest—I venture to think that Dr. Gifford has not refuted my criticism; indeed, he has altogether misunderstood it. But, not to occupy more space, I simply ask those who are interested in the subject of Simon the Maccabee's history to compare the Appendix to Dr. Gifford's sermon on Psalm ex. with Madden's *Coins of the Jews*, pp. 65-67. It was useless to criticise me by a combination of Madden and Fynes Clinton, who, in fact, do not agree in their chronology.

T. K. CHEYNE.

THE "LORICA" MS. IN THE CAMBRIDGE LIBRARY.

Cambridge April 2, 1892.

There is a well-known MS. in the Cambridge University Library, marked Ll. 1. 10, which is usually known as the Lorica MS. I believe this name was conferred on it by Mr. Bradshaw. Mr. Cockayne printed from it a certain piece, as to which he says: "The piece which I print next is called 'The Lorica'"; *A.S. Leechdoms*, i. lxvi. Mr. Sweet prints from it certain glosses which he calls "glosses to the Lorica of Gildas." No explanation is given; but I suppose the reference is to the following sentence in Cockayne (p. lxvii.):

"The Irish MS., in the opinion of Dr. Todd, produced in the latter part of the fourteenth century, tells us also that 'Gillas hanc lorica fecit,' and 'Laidcend mac Búith Bannaig uenit ab eo in insulam Hiberniam; transtulit et portavit super altare sancti Patricii episcopi sanos nos facere, amen.'"

I have often asked what the name meant, but never could get much satisfaction. It seems to have been founded solely on the fact that the rubric in the Cambridge MS. consists of the following words: "Hanc lorica loding cantavit ter in omne die."

Loding is, of course, a man's name. I suppose it to mean son of Loda; and I am informed that Loda occurs on a coin, as the name of a moneyer of Cnut. The statement merely tells us that he approved of this piece, and recited it thrice every day; it does not say he composed it.

Suppose we accept provisionally the statement that it was written by Gildas; I still want to know what the word means.

At first sight, it looks like "lyric," and indeed, the piece contains many Greek words. A feminine substantive made out of a Latin neuter plural would not be astonishing. But there is no reason for this name, as the piece is not a song at all, but a prose prayer. In the piece itself we obtain some help; the word *lorica* occurs (see Cockayne i. lxxi. l. 2) with the gloss *byrne*—i.e., breastplate or corselet. In the Corpus Glossary, ed. Hessels, we find "Torax, *lorica*." Hence, *lorica* is certainly only a variant of *lorica*; which agrees with the *hanc lorica fecit* already quoted.

The reason why this prayer was called *lorica* becomes clear when it is carefully perused. It is, in fact, an elaborate protective charm from end to end; and Loding recited it so often by way of insuring protection from every possible harm. It is a prayer which invokes the Trinity, the Unity, Cherubim and Seraphim, Michael, Gabriel, thrones, archangels, patriarchs, prophets, and many more celestial powers, to defend the petitioner from every kind of demon. It enters into minute particulars for protecting his head, forehead, eyes, brain, lips, face, chin, ears, and all the rest, down to his feet, soles, heels, &c., from every disease, plague, fever, languor, and harm. In a word, *lorica* or *lorica* simply means "a charm." It was intended as the Irish MS., already quoted, says, "sanos nos facere."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

"TRISANTONA" ONCE MORE.

Christ Church, Oxford: April 3, 1892.

Mr. Nixon's challenge of Tac. *Ann.* xii. 31, has already been challenged in these columns (p. 329) by Mr. H. Bradley. I should like to attack it from another point of view, and ask Mr. Nixon to justify his translation of *castris* by "fortresses" as a piece of correct Latin. The ultimate difference between Mr. Nixon, Mr. Baker, and other local antiquaries on the one side, and Mommsen, Nipperdey, and other writers on the other side, is this question of

Latin. The latter assume that *castris* must here denote "a fortress" not "fortresses." As I have said elsewhere, I believe that the singular is here the only possible sense which the use of *castra* in Latin allows us to accept. The word can, of course, take a plural meaning; *bina castra* are "two camps," as a schoolmaster, of all persons, has good reason to know. But would Mr. Nixon admit into his excellent little books on Latin prose such a rendering as *castra ad fluvium posuit* for "he erected fortresses by the river"? This Latin, I imagine, could only mean "he erected a fortress by the river"; and if the plural were required, some word would be added to indicate it, or some word substituted for *castra*. If this be so, the whole theory of a line of fortresses from anywhere to anywhere falls at once to the ground. It is, of course, quite possible that, as Mr. Bradley thinks, *castris* was not in the original text of Tacitus at all. But as a matter of Latinity, I should be very glad to know if Mr. Nixon, who is a scholar of repute, can justify his own translation of the word.

F. HAVERFIELD.

DANTE AND THE HELIOTROPE.

The Modern School, Bedford: April 2, 1892.

Will you allow me to quote a passage which fully bears out Mr. Paget Toynbee's suggestion in his notice of the Dante Letters in the ACADEMY of this date? It is taken from Glanville—a volume of extracts from whom I am now preparing for the students of Dante, Chaucer, and Shakspeare.

"Heliotrope is a precious stone, and is green, and sprinkled with red drops and veins of the colour of blood. . . if it be put in water before the sun beams, it maketh the water seeth in the vessel that it is in, and resolveth it as it were into mist, and soon after it is resolved into rain-drops. Also it seemeth that this same stone may do wonders, for if it be put in a basin with clear water, it changeth the sunbeams by rebounding of the air, and seemeth to shadow them, and breedeth in the air red and sanguine colour, and as though the sun were in eclipse and darked. . . And in Lapidario the same meaning is said in this manner:

'Ex re nomen habens est in elliptropia gemma,
Que solis radiis in aqua subiecta vacillo,
Sanguineum reddit mutato lumine solem.
Eclipsenque(i) novam terris effundere cogit.'

ROBT. R. STEELE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, April 10, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Emerson," by Mr. T. F. Husband.

MONDAY, April 11, 5 p.m. Hellenic: "A newly discovered Byzantine Church in Cilicia," by the Rev. A. C. Headlam; "The Intervention of Athens in Heroic Affairs," by Mr. Louis Dyer.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Mine Surveying," ILL, by Mr. Bennett H. Brough.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "A Recent Expedition under Captain F. G. Dundas, up the River Tana to Mount Kenia," by Mr. Ernest Gedge; "A Brief Sketch of the Geography of the Region around Mount Kenia, in the Light of Recent Explorations," by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, illustrated with the Oxy-Hydrogen Lantern.

8.30 p.m. Library Association: "The Edinburgh Public Library and its First Year's Work," by Mr. Hew Morrison.

TUESDAY, April 12, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Sewage-Farms of Berlin," by Mr. H. Alfred Roebling.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Mashonaland and its Development," by Mr. E. A. Maund, with Lime Light Illustrations.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "English Brocades and Figured Silks," by Mr. C. Purdon Clarke.

THURSDAY, April 14, 8 p.m. Mathematical: "Note on the Skew Surfaces applicable upon a given Skew Surface," by Prof. Cayley.

SCIENCE.

TWO BOOKS ON SOUTH AMERICAN ZOOLOGY.

Sporting Sketches in South America. By Admiral Kennedy. (Porter.)

The Naturalist in La Plata. By W. H. Hudson. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE lover of nature has always been fascinated with the prodigality and beauty of the animated life, the endless variety of the flora of South America. He mentally contrasts the cold grey shores of our northern latitudes with the cocoa-fringed coral reefs of the tropics, and the strange potency of equatorial life with the dull colours of bird and beast, the brief burst of spring and summer vegetation, in our lanes and hedges. Humboldt has taught him to philosophise on the physical, Darwin on the zoological, aspects of the great southern continent. Bates, who has so lately passed away, introduced him to the wonders of the Amazonas River, while a multitude of *savants* and travellers; like Spix and Martius and Waterton, have rivetted his attention on different features in the profusion of life which almost everywhere meets the eye from the Caribbean Sea to the Magellanic Islands. Like the country, the zoology of South America is on such a scale that it will long afford interest to resident naturalists and delight to those far removed from its fascination. The two latest explorers not only present their readers with much curious learning on the habits of different mammals and insects of South America, but claim a debt of gratitude for transporting them from the cheerless climate of an English spring to the blue skies and shining verdure of the New World. To enjoy the tropics at the fireside, free from any of the insect pests which too often make life insupportable in the warmer regions of the world, is indeed a pleasure. Both sportsmen and naturalists will own their indebtedness herein to Admiral Kennedy and Mr. Hudson.

The former of these writes mainly in the interest of sport, yet with an eye to the mercantile and agricultural capacities of the country, and, of course, to the strategical advantage of harbours and islands. When in command of H.M.S. *Ruby* he spent three-and-half years in surveying the eastern coasts of South America, and his observations show a keen eye and active mind. He seems to have found friends everywhere, and was in the habit of landing with brother officers when practicable, and, like a typical Englishman, trying to shoot something. It is but fair to add, however, that all he shot was utilised in providing fresh meat for the crew; and he sets a commendable example in these days of enormous bags by refusing to shoot game when there was no chance of carrying it away or consuming it. The Admiral enumerates no less than fourteen different kinds of shooting in South America, and these varieties of game are as a rule open for any ordinary yachtsman to shoot. The great game of the country—jaguars, pumas, and tapirs—did not come in the Admiral's way; but of the others, chiefly wild fowl, tinamous (partridges), deer, and wild cattle, the bag of the *Ruby*, in the above-mentioned time, amounted

to 13,349 head. A specimen of a day's shooting near San Pedro may be taken as representing the best sport to be ordinarily obtained. Two guns shot forty-four partridges, twenty-eight snipe, and four ducks. Fly-fishers will find nothing to attract them to South America, but the Admiral has caught large fish with a spoon-bait. The Falkland Isles and Trinidad are lucidly described. He visited the Welsh colony on the Chupat River in Eastern Patagonia, founded in 1865 by Mr. Louis Jones, and now prospering beyond all expectation in an unattractive locality, and shot on the Chaco, where Baron Hirsch has repurchased an immense tract of land as a home for Jews turned out of Russia. Like all English visitors, Admiral Kennedy was delighted with Monte Video. Although barbed wire is so reprobated at home he has discovered a novel use for it abroad. In Uruguay it has played a part in suppressing revolutions, as it is not easy to march troops over a country intersected by such wire. His ethnological notes are interesting. On the Paraná he found an encampment of Toba Indians.

"When a man is past work with them he is buried alive, and the old women are wrapped in bides and beaten to death. One old woman, whose reported age was 110, had been spared on account of her being a professed Christian; but her daughter had already been 'removed' for age."

The eastern coast of South America and the great rivers up to Rio Janeiro are described in a clear and straightforward manner, as might be expected of a sailor who, in the midst of fogs, "pamperos," delay from quarantine, and lack of game to shoot, never loses his optimistic equanimity.

Bird-lovers already owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Hudson as the joint author with Mr. Selater of *Argentine Ornithology*. His admirable essays on aspects of zoology in the River Plate district are now collected from the *Field* paper and sundry magazines, just as Admiral Kennedy reclaimed his chapters from the pages of *Land and Water*. Could Gilbert White ever have been supposed capable of espousing Darwinianism, how they would have pleased him with their keen observation, their powers of picturesque description and ingenious deductions! Mr. Hudson is not only a clever naturalist, but he possesses the rare gift of interesting his readers in whatever attracts him, and of being dissatisfied with mere observation unless it enables him to philosophise as well. With his lucid accounts of bird, beast, and insect, no one will fail to be delighted. From his generalisations even a fervid Darwinian must at times dissent. The biological juggler can perform marvellous feats by means of the doctrines of protective colouring, survival of the fittest, natural selection and the like, but it is always open to the spectator to murmur *incredulus odi*. Not everyone, for instance, would accept in sober earnest the following speculations:

"Savages abhor hairs on the body, and even pluck them off their faces. This seems like a survival of an ancient habit acquired when the whole body was clothed with hair; and if primitive man ever possessed such a habit,

nature only followed his lead in giving him a hairless offspring."

Or again:

"The tendency or habit of varying in the direction of rich colouring and beautiful or fantastic ornament might, for all we know to the contrary, have descended to humming-birds from some diminutive, curiously shaped, bright-tinted flying reptile of arboreal habits that lived in some far-off epoch in the world's history."

This "diminutive flying reptile" is entirely imaginary. Even if the Solenhofen *archaeopteryx macrura* or the *compsognathus* of the Stonesfield slates be granted to Mr. Hudson, the process of modification is, and must be, equally imaginary. He himself shows that the latest authority on humming-birds, Dr. Schufeldt, has pronounced these birds to form an order by themselves, as they possess no affinities with other families. Even the argument of analogy therefore cannot be applied to them.

One long and interesting essay treats of the phenomena of singing and dancing among certain species of South American birds. The ordinary theory on these displays is that they are connected with the choice of mates and common at nesting time. Such was Darwin's opinion; and such familiar antics of old-world birds as the drumming of the snipe and the *lek* of the blackcock and capercaillie are typical instances to prove his view. Mr. Hudson deems such displays of singing and dancing to be merely "periodical fits of gladness." He cites several curious facts of ornithology in La Plata which bears out his theory, but only begs the question in such a statement as:

"In some migrants the males arrive before the females, and no sooner have they recovered from the effects of their journey than they burst out into rapturous singing; these are not love-strains, since the females have not yet arrived and pairing-time is perhaps a month distant: their singing merely expresses their overflowing gladness."

Leaving, however, the fantastic theories in which the author occasionally indulges, and regarding them as a natural result of the view which would see nothing in instincts but "inherited memory," the rest of his delightful book may be read with unalloyed pleasure. The sketch of the Pampas, with its plants and animals, is beautifully written. His stories of skunks and the Indian joke on the subject are equally charming, and should be compared with Admiral Kennedy's belief. The observations on bird migrations, on the puma—so well-disposed to man, so fatal to horses—on bees, spiders, dragon flies, on tree creepers—some two hundred and ninety species of which are known in America—on mosquitoes and other creatures, are original, and the speculations which they call forth frequently fascinating. The biography of that curious rodent, the vizcacha, is admirably executed, and the sketch of the animals themselves is artistic and lively. Indeed, the illustrations throughout this volume are of a high character. That of Indians among the pampas grass, and the affecting picture of the dying huanaco, may be specially mentioned. Another good chapter treats of the crested screamer

(*chauna chavarria*), a bird which may be seen in the Zoological Gardens.

It is no mere compliment to assert that a lover of animals will not take up this book without reading it to the end. Mr. Hudson's descriptive powers are as highly developed as his habits of careful observation, and another volume of his American experiences will be eagerly awaited. The present, however, is a rich treat to the British naturalist, opening out vistas of speculation and enlarging his acquaintance with bird and insect life in the tropics. Indeed, there is no greater pleasure to an observer in one country than to compare his knowledge with similar facts in the New World fauna. The characteristics of the different creatures on which Mr. Hudson touches are carefully discriminated, and the subtle views, which he states in lucid and beautiful language, largely extend the reader's mental horizon. Over and over again such an one will be reminded of "The Voyage of the *Beagle*," while the descriptions of bird and beast life partake somewhat of the gorgeousness of a tropical landscape. Mr. Hudson's book cannot be neglected by anyone who claims to be a lover of nature.

M. G. WATKINS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANGLO-SAXON "DEMME."

Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.: March 21, 1892.

The review of Prof. Bright's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, in the ACADEMY of March 5, is in all essentials perfectly satisfactory. But the reviewer has slipped at one point which demands further discussion. His words are: "The word *demme* in the Pastoral Care is surely a false reading for *dōm*," referring to *Reader* 34/23 = Sweet's *Pastoral* 31/20 (*C. dom*; *C. demm*). That there can be no false reading here is made clear by the frequency of the form *dem(m)*, e.g., *Past.* 87/1, 227/16, 379/9; *Orosius* 72/11, 92/19, 270/2; *damno* glossed *demme*, *Liber Scint.* 208/9. *Cosijn*, *Altwests. Gram.* (second part), § 22, p. 35, places the word among the masculine long *i*-stems. Doubtless *Cosijn* regards the word as **dōmi-z*. This I take the liberty of disbelieving. The gemination *mm* is too frequent for the *-i* declension. It is better to regard *dem(m)* as of the *jo*-declension = *dōmjos*. *Dōm-* and *dōm-* are ablated like *dag-*, *dōg-or*.

J. M. HART.

P.S.—Let me add that Prof. Bright has already discussed *dōm*, *demm*, although not quite from my point of view, in *Mod. Lang. Notes*, April, 1886, col. 96.

I have to thank Prof. Hart for the correction of an unquestionable oversight. His view as to the declension appears to be correct.

THE REVIEWER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE and Mr. Edward Whymper are to receive the Royal Medals of the Royal Geographical Society at its annual meeting on May 23. The dinner of the Society will be held on the evening of that day. The conversations will take place about the middle of June in the South Kensington Museum.

At the last general monthly meeting of the Royal Institution, donations were acknowledged to the total amount of £110 (including £50

from Capt. Noble), towards the fund for carrying on investigations on liquid oxygen.

THE Biographical Index of British and Irish Botanists, by Messrs. J. Britten and G. S. Boulger, which has for some time past been appearing in the *Journal of Botany*, will shortly be published in a separate form. It extends to the end of 1891.

THE new edition of the late Prof. Moseley's *Voyage in the "Challenger"* is being edited by Mr. G. C. Bourne, who will also prefix a biographical notice.

THE second number of *Natural Science* shows, we think, some improvement on the first. The Notes and Comments are fuller and more valuable. Natural history proper and geology are still most prominent, but there is also an important article on botany—"A New Group of Flowering Plants," by Mr. A. B. Rendle, illustrated with a plate.

MESSRS. CASSELL have issued *The Year-Book of Science*, for 1891, which is intended to be an annual chronicle of the progress in the several branches of natural science, for the use not so much of specialists, as of all those who take an intelligent interest in scientific work as a whole. The editor in chief is the Rev. T. G. Bonney, professor of geology at King's College, London. The following conspectus will show both the general character of the work, and also the names of the contributors. Physics is subdivided into:—General, by Mr. P. L. Gray; heat, light, and electricity, by Dr. H. H. Hoffer; magnetism, by Mr. Gray; astronomical physics, by Mr. E. W. Maunder, of the Greenwich Observatory; and meteorology, by Mr. C. Harding. These occupy altogether 130 pages. Then follows chemistry:—Physical, by Prof. W. Ramsay; inorganic, by Mr. Harold Picton; and organic, by Mr. Picton and Mr. Charles F. Baker. Geology is still further subdivided:—Mineralogy and petrology being treated by Dr. F. H. Hatch; physical, by Prof. H. G. Seeley; stratigraphical, by Mr. Horace B. Woodward; vertebrate palaeontology, by Mr. R. Lydekker, of the Natural History Museum; invertebrate palaeontology, by Prof. T. Rupert Jones; and palaeobotany, by Mr. Thomas Hick. Animal biology is dealt with under only two headings:—Morphology and embryology, by Dr. G. Herbert Fowler; and physiology and pathology, by Mr. C. S. Sherrington. Botany is more liberally treated:—Systematic and geographical, by Mr. W. B. Hemsley; morphology and biology, by Mr. G. Massee and Dr. F. O. Bower; minute anatomy, by Dr. D. H. Scott; and physiology, by Dr. F. W. Oliver and Mr. F. E. Weiss. Finally, there are two copious indexes of authors quoted and of subjects. When so much is given, it seems ungrateful to complain that astronomy proper and systematic zoology of animals are both unrepresented.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE February number of the *Indian Antiquary*—which is now edited by Major R. C. Temple, in succession to Mr. J. F. Fleet—contains an important article by Dr. Rudolf Hoernle, supplementary to one in the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society*, in which he endeavours to fix, by internal evidence, the date of the birch-bark MS. brought from Central Asia by Lieut. Bower. Accepting the classification of the Nagari alphabets of the Gupta period made by Mr. Fleet, he first states that this MS. is distinctly written throughout in the North-Western alphabet. Now, of this alphabet, a variety known as the Sarada exists to the present day, in which is written the Horiuzi MS., hitherto accepted as the oldest Sanskrit document, and assigned by Prof.

Bühler to the first half of the sixth century A.D. But the Bower MS. preserves an archaic form of the letter *ya*, which had entirely disappeared from inscriptions by the end of the sixth century, and which, it may reasonably be inferred, was disused yet earlier in cursive writing. From this and other evidence, Dr. Hoernle concludes that this MS. must be dated within the period from about 350 to 500 A.D., and is thus some two centuries older than the Horiuzi MS. To illustrate his paper, Dr. Hoernle has compiled a map showing the distribution of the Gupta inscriptions found in Northern India, classified according to their alphabets. Incidentally, he gives some account of an inscription recently discovered in Faridpur district, Eastern Bengal, which is of special interest, not only as being the only ancient inscription from that neighbourhood, but also because it is probably the oldest inscription extant in the North-Eastern alphabet. It refers itself to the reign of a king called Dharmaditya, whom Dr. Hoernle is disposed to identify with Samudra Gupta, the founder of the dynasty (390 A.D.). Altogether, this article of Dr. Hoernle's is a most valuable contribution to Indian epigraphy. We may add that Dr. Hoernle has also published, in the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society*, a first instalment of the text of the Bower MS., containing one of two medical treatises. He hopes hereafter to reproduce the whole in facsimile.

THE latest number we have received of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) contains two or three important articles. Prof. Derembourg restores a mutilated Himyaritic inscription in the British Museum (No. 32), on which he reads the name of a king of Saba, Nascha'karib Youha'min, son of Dhamar'ali Dhirrih, whom he has previously found on an inscription in the Louvre. Dr. E. Bonavia identifies some more plants on the Assyrian monuments, including a species of true pine, the arrow reed, the Madonna lily, and (possibly) an imported baobab. Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie continues the results of his researches into the annals of the Bamboo Books of the Bak tribes or primitive Chinese. He now quotes evidence for their knowledge of "dark pygmies," in South-east Shantung, circa 2408 B.C. He also mentions other strange savages called "Long Legs" and "Perforated Breasts," the latter perhaps being tattooed. His object is to show that, though these marvels have entered into later Chinese legend, they yet contain some basis of historical and ethnical truth.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, March 18.)

HENRY BRADLEY, Esq., president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. J. J. Benzenmaker on "Some Problems of Phonetics." The lecturer showed the unscientific attitude and inconsistency of those phoneticians who seem to think they have done full phonetic justice to a language by merely recording their own pronunciation of it. Even assuming, what is by no means always the case, that their particular pronunciation fairly represents a standard pronunciation, their conclusions are frequently vitiated by the fact that the ear in some cases is only too apt to hear what it wishes to hear, and not what it actually does hear. But few carry out their principles consistently. In nearly all their writings implicit appeals can be found to some standard pronunciation which they explicitly ignore. The fixing of some standard pronunciation of English upon which all phoneticians could concentrate their energies seemed to the lecturer a great desideratum. He next instituted an inquiry into the scientific value of much of what passes for science in phonetics, and adduced examples to show that many of the conclusions arrived at on a quasi-scientific method had no sufficient scientific basis at all. Writers on phonetics should more steadily keep in view the line of demarcation between scientific truths and

mere working hypotheses. There was still a great field unexplored, but the present methods of phonetic research were not calculated to add much of value to our knowledge. Take, for instance, the case of the geographical distribution of the long wide *ee* and the wide *i* in "bit," becoming almost the *e* in "bet" in the north both of Germany and of England. Here are two parallel cases pointing clearly to the same physiological or climatic cause, on which at present not the slightest light can be thrown. Finally, the lecturer stated a problem of which he himself could not give an explanation. In Anglo-Saxon, as in all the Teutonic languages, the accent was a logical accent, that is, it fell on the most significant syllable of the word. As such it had no regular place, but fell in front, in the middle, or at the end of the word, according to the relative position of the root and its prefixes and suffixes. This logical accent still obtains in English in words of Teutonic origin: *Kingdom*, *unsteady*, *understood*. This logical accent was mixed up with a purely rhythmical accent when Norman-French was gradually introduced into the speech of the people. Now this rhythmical accent fell on the last sounded syllable. But the tendency of the accent in non-Anglo-Saxon English words has always been, and is still, towards the beginning of the words. Even at present it is making itself felt. Not long ago, *contem'plate*, *confis'cate*, *irrefrag'able* were heard; *recondite* is still heard as *recon'dite*, but there is little doubt that it will soon be pronounced exclusively *ree'ondite*. In Ireland people still say to *illus'trate*, *advertise'ment*. Whence this tendency of a rhythmical accent towards the beginning of words which originally were heard with an accent at the end? The question has been worked out in all its bearings by the lecturer in *The Modern Language Monthly* (December, 1890, and January and February, 1891), and he should feel obliged to any reader who could throw further light on it.

(Friday, April 1.)

HENRY BRADLEY, Esq., president, in the chair.—Dr. Weymouth read a paper on "The Pronunciation of the long *i* in Early English, and the *i* in Anglo-Saxon." Starting from *é*, he briefly argued that the traditional pronunciation of many words not only in English, both in the literary speech and the dialects, but also in the cognate languages, indicates as the earliest English sound that which is represented in French by *ou*, in Italian by *u*, in Dutch by *oe*. Examples are "do" (Ger. *thun*, Du. *doen*), "bosom" (Ger. *Busen*, Du. *boezem*), "doom" (O. Du. *doem*, Ger. *thum*), "cool" (Du. *koel*, Ger. *kühl*), &c. But this *u* often becomes *é* in (1) noun inflexions, as in *bric* (breeches) plur. *bric*, *fét* plur. *fét*, *dóhtor* (daughter) dat. *dóhter*; (2) in verb inflexions, as *do*, *dést*, *déth*; (3) in derivatives, as *bléd* *blédan*, *bót* (benefit) *bétan*, *dóm* *démán*, &c. Now if this *é* was sounded like the French *é* or the Italian *e chiuso*, the change cannot be explained; if we suppose it to have been like our present *ee* as in "foot," "feet," "doom," "deem," the change is easy to account for, the *u* first by umlaut becoming a thin sound like the German *ü*, and then passing into *ee*. The pronunciation of Greek illustrates both these changes on a large scale, the *v* having been originally like the Latin (or Italian) *u*, and now universally like our *ee*. Of the existence of the intermediate *ü* positive evidence in many cases was adduced. Thus, it would seem that those who first adapted the Latin alphabet to the English language decided for some reason to use *o* for the sound of *u*, and *e* for the sound of the Italian *i*. Consequently the symbols *u* and *i* were left free, and available to represent some of the numerous diphthongs of our language. For the last three or four hundred years the grammarians help us with clear and positive evidence. Paleygrave carries us back nearly 400 years at a single bound, and tells us expressly that "*be* a file, *beere* for a deed corps, a *peere* a fellow," &c., were sounded with the Italian *i*; while Wallis, Gil, Smith, Cheke, and Justus Lipsius call the English *i* a diphthong, Wallis giving an analysis of the sound, which (though Dr. Sweet finds it unintelligible) is singularly exact as applied to the Welsh modification of the sound. The description given by these grammarians cannot possibly apply (as some imagine) to the pure vowel of "vein" or "wane." As to the great improbability of the

employment by Augustine and his monks of the Italian alphabet with alien sounds, Dr. Weymouth called attention to a curiously analogous case. The first missionaries sent to Madagascar by the London Missionary Society, just seventy years ago, when introducing the art of writing into that island proposed to adopt the continental sound of the vowels. Nevertheless, they chose *o* to stand for the sound of *u*; and the tribe of the "Hova," should have their name written by us "Hoova," in French "Houva," in Italian "Huva," if the true sound is to be represented. As those missionaries were Welshmen, and *u* in Welsh is sounded like our *i* in "frit," and as in many cases the English *u* is really a diphthong, as in "union," "assume," &c., they may have found a twofold reason for not using *u* in that large class of Malagasy words, but *o* as sounded in "move," "tomb," &c. Dealing with "tendency" as the cause of the imagined transmutation of *u* into "my wife," the paper pointed out that the change of our diphthongal *i* into *ee* is easy, but the reverse far from easy. There is reason to believe that in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece, &c., the sound of *ee* (written *i*) has in almost all words remained the same for hundreds or even thousands of years, without showing any disposition to become our diphthongal *i*.—To this reasoning the president objected that all language is in a perpetual state of flux; the answer being an energetic denial of any such state of flux in any country so far as the standard literary speech is concerned.

FINE ART.

Church Lore Gleanings. By T. F. Thiselton Dyer. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

THESE gleanings have been made from a large field and by a very industrious hand. To say that nothing has been left ungathered would, of course, be exaggeration; but there are few quarters which Mr. Thiselton Dyer has not explored, and from which he has not drawn something worth preservation. Thirty chapters imply a wealth and variety of matter; and, when one remembers how, in earlier days, the church touched life at pretty nearly every point, we need not be surprised at the abundance of the harvest.

In dealing with such a book, one cannot do more than mention the chief sections into which it is divided. The church fabric has naturally the first place. Legends connected with church buildings and the supernatural agency employed in their erection are to be found everywhere, and the odd thing is that the devil seems to have been as busy in the matter as the devil's enemies. Man, it seems, has always disliked taking much trouble to get to church. He prefers to have his place of worship within easy reach. If, therefore, you find it "set on a hill," you may generally conclude that the devil has put it there in order to restrict its usefulness. But not always. The arch-fiend appears to be terribly inconsistent. For Mr. Dyer has found examples where the very opposite course was taken. The building of the church was again and again mysteriously obstructed, because its conspicuous position was likely to attract worshippers from afar. In fact, legends on this subject are as contradictory as proverbs—their tenour perhaps indicating, in some slight degree, the character of the people among whom they are current. Mr. Dyer cites some instances of church towers having been used as pigeon-houses, and says that it was "an established usage as far back as the thirteenth century." Of course the

columbarium was a conspicuous feature in religious houses, and we can understand the appropriateness—as well as the utility—of making the sacred building the home of the innocent dove. But the owl and the jackdaw, one would think, were more frequent inmates of church towers in early days than they are even now, and must have wrought havoc among their timid neighbours.

Of the church porch and its associations, much may be said. It is, or was, the natural place for parish gossip—the notices on the church door suggesting the topic. But besides this, it was often the spot chosen by charitable testators for the distribution of their doles, and, occasionally, it was fitted with a stone ledge by way of counter, as a convenient arrangement.

We are not to reject with incredulity the stories that have come down to us of fragments of human skin having been found attached to church doors. The punishment for sacrilege in early days was flaying, and to this, rather than to vengeance inflicted on invading Danes, these relics must be referred.

But the limits of space forbid us to dwell upon these or other antiquarian topics. Those interested in them must resort to Mr. Dyer's pages, where they will find much of the lore that attaches to pews and bells, low-side windows and Easter sepulchres, and much that is curious and entertaining about parish clerks and parish bulls, wells and well chapels, church ales and church leets, as well as copious information on the rites and ceremonies of the church. The illustrations are unequal to the letter-press, but we can understand that the very copiousness of the matter dealt with would interfere with its pictorial treatment.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

EXCAVATIONS AT TEL EL-AMARNA.

DURING the last four months I have been excavating at this place, the capital of Khuenaten. Past times have done their best to leave nothing for the present—not even a record. The Egyptians carried away the buildings in whole blocks down to the lowest foundations, completely smashed the sculptures, and left nothing in the houses; and the Museum authorities, and a notorious Arab dealer, have cleared away without any record what had escaped the other plunderers of this century. I have now endeavoured to recover what little remained of the art and history of this peculiar site, by careful searching in the town. From the tombs I am debarred, although the authorities are doing nothing whatever there themselves, and the tomb of Khuenaten remains uncleared, with pieces of the sarcophagus and vessels thrown indiscriminately in the rubbish outside.

The region of main interest is the palace; and the only way to recover the plan was by baring the ground, and tracing the bedding of the stones which are gone. For this I have cleared all the site of the buildings, and in course of the work several rooms with portions of painted fresco pavements have been found. One room which was nearly entire, about 51 by 16 feet, and two others more injured, have now been entirely exposed to view, and protected by a substantial house, well lighted, and accessible to visitors. The building was erected by the Public Works Department; but I understand

that it will be paid for by English aid, without utilising the tourist tax. With the exception of a pavement reported to exist at Thebes, these are the only examples of a branch of art which must have been familiar in the palaces of Egypt. The subjects of these floors are tanks with fish, birds, and lotus; groups of calves, plants, birds, and insects; and a border of bouquets and dishes. But the main value of these lies in the new style of art displayed; the action of the animals, and the naturalistic grace of the plants, are unlike any other Egyptian work, and are unparalleled even in classical frescoes. Not until modern times can such studies from nature be found. Yet this was done by Egyptian artists; for where the lotus occurs, the old conventional grouping has constrained the design, and the painter could not overstep his education, though handling all the other plants with perfect individuality. That Babylonian influence was not active, is seen by the utter absence of any geometrical ornament; neither rosettes or stars, frets or circles, nor any other such elements are seen, and perhaps no such large piece of work exists so clear of all but natural forms. Some small fragments of sculptured columns show that this flowing naturalism was as freely carried out in relief as in colour.

Of the architecture there remain only small pieces flaked off the columns. By comparing these the style can be entirely recovered; and we see that both the small columns in the palace, and those five feet thick in the river frontage, were in imitation of bundles of reeds, bound with inscribed bands, with leafage on base and on capital, and groups of ducks hung up around the neck. A roof over a well in the palace was supported by columns of a highly geometrical pattern, with spirals and chevrons. In the palace front were also severer columns inscribed with scenes, and with capitals imitating gigantic jewellery. The surface was encrusted with brilliant glazes, and the ridges of stone between the pieces were gilt, so that it resembled jewels set in gold. An easy imitation of this was by painting the hollows and ridges, and the crossing lines of the setting soon look like a net over the capital. We are at once reminded of the "net work" on the capitals of Solomon, and see in these columns their prototype.

This taste for inlaying was carried to great lengths on the flat walls. The patterns were incrustured with coloured glazes, and birds and fishes were painted on whole pieces and let into the blocks; hieroglyphs were elaborately carved in hard stones and fixed in the hollowed forms, black granite, obsidian, and quartzite in white limestone, and alabaster in red granite. The many fragments of steles which have come from here already, and which I have found, appear to show a custom of placing one stele—with the usual adoration of the sun by the king and queen—in each of the great halls of the palace and temple. These steles are in hard limestone, alabaster, red granite, and black granite. I have found more steles on the rocks on both sides of the Nile, and have seen in all eight on the eastern and three on the western cliffs.

The history of this site, and of the religious revolutions, is somewhat clearer than before. Khuenaten came to the throne as a minor; for in his sixth year he had only one child, and in his eighth year only two, as we learn from the steles, suggesting that he was not married till his fifth year apparently. On his marriage he changed his name from Amenhotep IV. (which occurs on a papyrus from Gurob in his fifth) to Khuenaten (which we find here in the sixth). A scarab which I got last year in Cairo shows Amenhotep (with Amen erased subsequently) adorning the cartouches of the Aten, settling his identity with Khuenaten. In a quarry

here is the name of his mother, Queen Thii, without any king; so she was probably regent during his minority, and started this capital here herself.

The character of the man, and the real objects of his revolution in religion and art, are greatly cleared by our now being able to see him as in the flesh. By an inexplicable chance, there was lying on the ground, among some stones, a plaster cast taken from his face immediately after his death for the use of the sculptors of his funeral furniture; with it were the spoilt rough blocks of granite *ushabtis* for his tomb. The cast is in almost perfect condition, and we can now really study his face, which is full of character. There is no trace of passion in it, but a philosophical calm with great obstinacy and impracticability. He was no vigorous fanatic, but rather a high bred theorist and reformer: not a Cromwell but a Mill. An interesting historical study awaits us here from his physiognomy and his reforms. No such cast remains of any other personage in ancient history.

According to one view, he was followed successively by four kings, Ra ssa ka khepru, Tut ankhamen, Ai, and Horemheb, in peaceable succession. But of late it has been thought that the last three were rival kings at Thebes; and that they upheld Amen in rivalry to Khuenaten and his successor, who were cut very short in their reigns. Nothing here supports the latter view. A great number of moulds for making pottery rings are found here in factories; and those of Tut ankhamen are as common and as varied as of Khuenaten, showing that he was an important ruler here for a considerable time. Of Ai rings are occasionally found here, as also of Horemheb, who has left a block of sculpture with his cartouche in the temple of Aten. So it is certain that he actually upheld the worship of Aten early in his reign, and added to the buildings here, far from being a destructive rival overthrowing this place from Thebes. Afterwards he re-established Amen (as I got a scarab of his in Cairo, "establishing the temple of Amen"), and he removed the blocks of stone wholesale from here to build with at Thebes. Later than Horemheb there is not a trace here; Seti and Ramessu are absolutely unknown in this site, showing that it was stripped of stone and deserted before the XIXth Dynasty. Hence, about two generations, from 1400 to 1340 B.C., are the extreme limits of date for everything found here. The masonry was re-used at Thebes, Memphis, and other places where the name of Khuenaten has been found.

The manufactures of this place were not extensive—glass and glazes were the main industries; and the objects so common at Gurob (metal tools, spindles, thread, weights, and marks on the pottery) are all rare here. The furnace and the details of making the coloured blue and green frits, have been found. Pottery moulds for making the pendants of fruits, leaves, animals, &c., are abundant in the factories; and a great variety of patterned "Phoenician" glass vases are found, but only in fragments.

The cuneiform tablets discovered here were all in store rooms outside the palace; they were placed by the house of the Babylonian scribe, which was localised by our finding the waste pieces of his spoilt tablets in rubbish holes. A large quantity of fragments are found of the Aegean pottery, like that of the early period at Mykenae and Ialysos. This is completely in accord with what I found at Gurob, but with more variety in form. The Phoenician pottery which I found at Lachish is also found here, so we now have a firm dating for all these styles. The connexion between the naturalistic work of these frescoes and the

fresco of Tiryns and the gold cups of Vaphio is obvious; and it seems possible that Greece may have started Khuenaten in his new views of style, which he carried out so fully by his native artists. The similarity of the geometrical pattern columns to the sculptures of the Mykenae period is striking; hitherto such Egyptian decoration was only known in colour, and not in relief. We have yet a great deal to learn as to the influences between Greece and Egypt, but this place has helped to open our eyes.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

OBITUARY.

JOHN COLLINGWOOD BRUCE, LL.D.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Dr. Collingwood Bruce, of Newcastle, whose name will always be held in honour as the historian and guide to the Roman Wall, of which he knew every foot and stone. He was born in 1805, and thus had reached his eighty-seventh year, being somewhat older than his friend John Clayton, and somewhat younger than the Southern antiquary, Roach Smith, both of whom died before him. Now that these three are all gone, there is no one left among their juniors who can exactly fill their place.

Dr. Bruce was, in the early period of his long life, a schoolmaster, having inherited the profession from his father; and he published various educational works. But he first became known by his treatise on *The Roman Wall* (1861), which in its third edition (1867) was enlarged almost into a new book, and remains the standard authority on the subject. His more familiar Guide first appeared in 1863, under the quaint title of *The Wallet-Book of the Roman Wall: a Guide to Pilgrims journeying along the Barrier of the Lower Isthmus*. This also has been greatly improved in subsequent editions. In its present form, both text and illustrations are so alluring that none can look at them without feeling a desire to prove their accuracy on the spot. Dr. Bruce also wrote *The Bayeux Tapestry Elucidated* (1856); and was the editor of that noble folio volume of sculptures and inscriptions, which was published by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries in 1875, under the title of *Lapidarium Septentrionale*. He was, we believe, preparing an additional Part to this work, with the help of Prof. Hübner, at the time of his death.

THE death is announced, at the age of eighty-one, of M. Bardienné, the celebrated bronze founder of Paris, who, by the aid of Collas process for reducing sculpture, produced numerous beautiful statuettes after ancient and modern works. He was the publisher of Barye's work.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE only exhibition to open next week is that of the New English Art Club, at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

THE following have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours:—Messrs. R. B. Nisbet, G. Sheridan Knowles, C. M'iver Grierson, and St. George Hare.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS have now published a photographic facsimile of the Queen's letter to the nation, in her own handwriting, written on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Clarence. The letter is framed in a symbolic border, designed by Mr. E. J. Poynter, the principal figure in which is a mourning Britannia, with a fallen harp. The design is worthy of the artist's classical pencil. We may add that the entire gross profits of the

sale will be handed over to charities selected by Her Majesty, the Gordon Boys' Home being the principal participant.

THE third general meeting of the Hellenic Society for the current session will be held at 22, Albemarle-street, on Monday, April 11, at 5 p.m., Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, vice-president, in the chair. Papers will be read by the Rev. A. C. Headlam, on "A newly discovered Byzantine Church in Cilicia," and by Mr. Louis Dyer on "The Intervention of Athens in Heroic Affairs."

WE quote from the *Oxford Magazine* the following account of excavations made during the past month at the Roman station of Alchester, near Bicester, through which Ake-man-street passes:—

"Among other discoveries is that of a large gravelled court, whose north-west wall has now been laid bare. In the middle of the north side there is a square room with pilaster buttresses on its outer walls, and a round stone-lined pit, probably a cesspool, on its south-west corner. The layer of ashes found at several points, and fragments of blackened pottery and of tiles glazed by strong heat, suggest that the building was destroyed by fire. Quite a dozen distinct types of earthenware have been discovered, but only two or three pots can be put together at all completely. Samian fragments, both plain and stamped, are common. The coins found and borrowed in the neighbourhood cover the period between Nero and Honorius; they are being submitted to Prof. Percy Gardner for further identification."

It is hoped that operations may be continued, during the vacation and part of next term, in the north-east corner of the camp. Mr. J. S. Myres (8, Oriel-street, Oxford), and Mr. P. Manning (New College) will be glad to receive subscriptions.

ANOTHER work by M. Rodin has been placed in the Luxembourg, a bronze of an old woman (exhibited at the "Champs de Mars" Exhibition in 1890). M. Besnard's study of a woman crouching over the fire (exhibited at the Salon some years ago) has also been added to the national collection.

THE increased appreciation of modern French art is shown by the prices realised by twelve pictures belonging to M. John Saulnier, which were bought in at his first sale in 1886. The total value of these works has risen in the interval from 76,050 fr. to 137,395 fr. Only one of the pictures—"The Forest of Fontainebleau," by Théodore Rousseau, failed to reach the price bid for it six years ago. On the other hand, "La Baigieuse," by J. F. Millet, sold for 48,000 fr. instead of 29,000 fr., and Delacroix's "Jesus as left in the Boat during the Storm," fetched 12,000 fr. in advance of the previous bid; while four works by Corot sold for nearly three times as much as in 1886.

It is reported that the Italian Government has seized the Sciarra collection, in consequence of the refusal of the Prince to accept their offer of a million francs. Four of the best pictures are said to be missing, viz., "The Players," by Caravaggio; "Modesty and Vanity," by Da Vinci; "Saint Sebastian," by Perugino; and "The Violin Player," by Raphael.

THE STAGE.

MR. HENRY IRVING gave evidence on Monday *à propos* of the introduction of new measures tending to destroy the barrier between the theatre and the music hall, and the long memorandum which he prepared for delivery on that occasion, and which he gave with effect, is worth studying. Mr. Irving frankly declared that competition—competition on something like equal terms—is not what the actor or the theatrical manager fears. He has no objection

to the rival playhouse or to the rivalry, necessarily temporary, of the "fit-up," as actors call it, of the ordinary concert hall or town hall of the provinces. But a strict limit—a "time limit"—a limit of thirty minutes, he thinks, should be set upon the performance of what they call "sketches" in music halls. Unrestricted competition should not be allowed to exist between music hall and theatre; and this, not only because such competition would not be fair to the theatrical manager, but also, and as much, because it would tend to the degradation of theatrical art. There is a great deal of force in what Mr. Irving said about the impossibility of appreciating a serious art in an atmosphere of drinking and smoking. Serious art demands concentration, almost as much upon the part of the audience that receives as of the actor that bestows it. Imagine the news of the death of Lady Macbeth being brought to the stage representative of Macbeth, while waiters in the avenues of the stalls are inviting "Orders, please!" or in act to refresh the smoke-jaded sybarite with lager-beer or lemon squash, and that more potent pick-me-up—"whiskey hot"! In theatrical art there is, as Mr. Irving practically pointed out, an *ensemble*. Many work towards one end; and hence upon the stage proper, there is a measure of discipline and a measure of labour, of which the music hall artist cannot possibly wot. It is quite possible, between light refreshments—nay, even while consuming them—to do justice to the extremely personal art of a Chevalier or a Lottie Collins or a Minnie Cunningham, whose cleverness and whose fascination is not now in question—it may be very great, if you like; but whatever it is, it is exercised under very different conditions from those which govern the appearance of Mr. Irving and Mr. Willard, of Miss Terry, of Mrs. Kendal, of Mr. Hare, and of Miss Millett. To produce with freedom, in the music halls of London, entertainment, claiming to be theatrical, but in reality almost of necessity catch-penny, cheap, and of immediate effect, would tend, we firmly believe with Mr. Irving, to the deterioration of the theatre. Actors and audiences would alike shrink from encountering the difficulties and delicacies, the problems and the refinements, of the higher art. The music hall is a tavern, as Mr. Irving says: "A tavern with a licence to sing and to dance." Like the ale house of William Blake, it may happen also to be "cosy and warm." The theatre is—apart from its commercial aspects—an institution that exists for the production of a definite and recognised art. In it even the puritanical world is beginning to recognise an instrument that makes for civilisation.

WHATEVER legislation may see fit to do or not to do in the matter, there is a point at which music halls and theatres unquestionably touch. And that point is burlesque. The "sacred lamp"—especially when it is lighted at the Gaiety—does not scorn to illumine the music hall together with the legitimate actress. Which reflection is forced upon us by the circumstance that, like the rest of the town, we have lately seen Miss Lottie Collins. London is just now, it would seem, pre-occupied with Miss Lottie Collins. Wherever young men gather together, the talk is of—Lottie Collins. At any restaurant that has claims to be fashionable—Lottie Collins. She is the "some new thing" of which the Athenian of to-day, as well as of old time, demands to be told. All the world goes to see her at the Gaiety. The lady appears at that temple of merriment and spectacle within a quarter of an hour of eleven o'clock. She is, so to put it, the great "set-piece" with which the Gaiety fireworks—rockets and roman candles and catherine wheels—somewhat tardily terminate. If the

burlesque itself is a very little tedious, that is only because it is three-quarters of an hour too long. The right thing in burlesques, you may be sure, was the rapid one of twenty years ago, when an hour of song and dance followed on an hour and a half of serious comedy. The ideal burlesque is still a dessert and not a dinner. Now a Gaiety burlesque is an overwhelming banquet, lasting from half-past eight until well towards midnight. Still, the hours bring their alleviations. It is something to follow the proceedings of that quaint, engaging genius, Mr. Leslie. Miss Sylvia Grey moves, stands, glides, and capers, always with absolute grace. She is the standard of elegance as to these things. Lord Bacon himself would have allowed, ungrudgingly, that she realised—what he asserted was the highest of his three beauties—the beauty “of decent and gracious motion.” Then there are two or three notable dances by four minor celebrities—most of them, if our memory serves us, dressed in comely black. If the story wearies, and the fun becomes thin, these less famous graces are a distinct alleviation. At last, over all the theatre, comes the sense of something promptly expected. The place, from stalls to gallery, is all on the *qui vive*, till someone—apparently slim, and obviously flexible, someone fairly pretty, intelligent of expression, and with a mass of blonde hair, one who is dressed most unbecomingly in red and in black, however—enters and takes the middle of the stage, and sings her song and its chorus. Miss Collins sings with some measure of art, acts with some measure of comedy, kicks and tumbles over the stage like a demented Salvationist breaking into Bacchanalian song. She is everywhere—and everywhere at the same time. The effect produced is remarkable—much more remarkable, to our thinking, than the performance itself, violent, dexterous, surprising though it be. The lady's art, though undoubted, is grotesque. The lady herself, with her *entrain*, her *abandon*, must be, we take it, magnetic. She is a feature of the day, in any case.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE Brahms Quintet for strings was played for the second time last Saturday afternoon, and for the third on Monday evening, at the

Popular Concerts; and on both occasions it made a profound impression. The work will become one of the most attractive numbers of Mr. Chappell's *répertoire*; and the speedy recognition by the public of the exceeding great merit of the Quintet is surely a sign that England is not altogether an unmusical nation. The second movement, the Adagio in B, has chiefly contributed to establish the fame of the new work. Opinions differ as to the value of the other movements, but all judges regard the Adagio as a master-piece, an inspiration. And the opinion thus formed has been formed without any effort; the music makes a direct appeal, and reflection and reasoning seem useless. On Saturday afternoon the companion work, a Trio in A minor for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello, was produced for the first time. The energetic Allegro displays power, and it contains much repressed passion; throughout the movement there are pleasing traces of the influence of Schubert and Schumann. The Adagio sings of peace and purity; a lower place must perhaps be assigned to it than to the Adagio of the Quintet, but the mood of the composer is different, and, at any rate at first hearing, less profound. Music tinged with sadness has always been appreciated by true lovers of music more than that which reflects happiness; over such Schubert's B minor Symphony exerts a more magnetic influence than Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. The third movement of the trio is a graceful Andantino, and the Finale an Allegro, which is certainly the least inspired number of the work. The performance by Miss Fanny Davies and M.M. Mühlfeld and Piatti was admirable. The fine playing of the clarinetist, M. Mühlfeld, again won general admiration.

The first night of the performances of the operatic class at the Royal Academy of Music was noticed last week. They came to a close on Saturday, when Miss Lilian Redfern made a highly promising appearance in selections from “Il Trovatore.” In the second act of Wagner's “Flying Dutchman,” the spinning-wheel chorus was admirably sung by bright and tuneful voices. Miss Mary Roebuck, in her impersonation of Senta, was giving a highly-satisfactory account of herself; but she was overcome by the heat, and the act came to a sudden close. The second act of “Le Nozze

de Figaro” again served to display much histrionic talent and good singing. Mr. G. H. Betjemann, the director, deserves great praise for his training of the class, and for his able and energetic conducting.

M. Sapellnikoff gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. He played Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90). There was not sufficient repose in the first movement, but the Allegretto was rendered in an expressive manner. Next came Schubert's great Fantasia in C (Op. 17), a work which only pianists of the first rank can venture to play. In the loud passages M. Sapellnikoff's tone was at times hard, but in the “Wanderer” variations and in the third section technique and tone were both eminently satisfactory: the pianist's command of the key-board is wonderful. Schumann's Romance in F sharp was interpreted with too much sentiment, and, if Mme. Schumann's tempo be correct, at too slow a pace. In his Chopin pieces, the pianist was heard to advantage, though here again the tone was not always pleasing. As for the Rhapsodie Espagnole of Liszt—a piece which, by the way, is a novelty—it gave M. Sapellnikoff a splendid opportunity for showing that for him difficulties have ceased to exist. The audience was very enthusiastic.

Handel's “Samson” was performed at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening for the benefit of the North London Hospital for Consumption. It is many years since this, one of the composer's noblest oratorios, has been heard in London. The performance was excellent. The voices of the choir were bright, though at times those of the ladies were a trifle shrill. The great charm of the performance, however, was the sympathy and enthusiasm with which the music was sung. The solo vocalists were Mme. Nordica, Miss Hilda Wilson, M.M. Henry Piercy and Robert Newmann. Mme. Nordica sang with much brilliancy. Miss Wilson deserves a special word of praise for her dignified interpretation of “Return, O God of Hosts,” and Mr. Piercy for his pathetic rendering of “Total Eclipse.” The conductor was Mr. James Shaw, who displayed energy and marked ability. The additional accompaniments used were, we believe, those written by Mr. Prout for a Leeds Festival.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. 248, will be published on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13th.

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- III. AN APOLOGY FOR ISLAM.
- IV. THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.
- V. LONDON IN THE PAST.
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